

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

## THE LADIES IN PARLIAMENT.

A FRAGMENT AFTER THE MANNER OF AN OLD ATHENIAN COMEDY.

PLACE.—*The South-east Angle of Berkeley Square.*

TIME.—*A Morning in July, 1866.*

*Lady Selina.*—'Tis hard upon ten. Since a quarter to eight  
I've paced up and down within sight of the gate.  
Matilda last night at the Duchess's drum  
Appointed a meeting, and promised to come ;  
But now she has left me alone in the lurch  
As sleepy as if I was sitting in church. [*Yawns.*]

She's there at the corner, more smartly got up  
Than if 'twere the day of the Emperor's Cup ;  
Unlike many ladies, who never contrive  
To make themselves neat till they go for their drive,  
And wish before lunch, if we judge by their looks,  
In the eyes of policemen to rival their cooks.

*Enter LADY MATILDA.*

Unpunctual puss ! I'm amazed that you dare  
Your victim to meet with that nonchalant air.  
If only you knew what a storm of abuse  
Five minutes ago was prepared for your use !  
But in your dear presence, I always have told you,  
I can't find the heart or the language to scold you.  
Well ! Now you are here, will you kindly explain  
A question I frequently asked you in vain,  
And tell me the cause of the constant depression  
That weighs on your spirits this half of the session ?  
You've not to my knowledge seen Phelps in *Macbeth*,  
Nor suffered a recent bereavement by death :  
Your husband has ceased to be plagued by attorneys :  
You managed in time to dispose of your Gurneys :  
From duns you're exempted : at doctors you scoff :  
Your son has got in, and your girls are got off.  
Then why are you silent, abstracted, and odd,  
And deaf to a whisper, and blind to a nod ?

*The Ladies in Parliament.*

And when you are spoken to what makes you start?  
 And why do you hum as if learning by heart,  
 And mutter, and pick at a thread in your gown,  
 And play with your fingers, and fidget, and frown,  
 Like members whom sometimes I watch in the parks  
 Rehearsing a string of impromptu remarks,  
 For which, in the course of a week, they intend  
 To beg of the House its indulgence to lend?

*Lady Matilda.*—Selina! The time has arrived to impart  
 The covert design of my passionate heart.  
 No vulgar solitudes torture my breast.  
 No common ambition deprives me of rest.  
 'Tis not for a mind of my texture to fret  
 Though half Westbourne Terrace the *entrée* should get.  
 Unheeded, my rival may labour to deck  
 Her trumpery ball with a glimpse of Prince Teck.  
 My soul is absorbed in a scheme as sublime  
 As ever was carved on the tablets of time.  
 To-morrow, at latest, through London shall ring  
 The echo and crash of a notable thing.  
 I start from my fetters. I scorn to be dumb.  
 Selina! the Hour and the Woman are come.

Unless I'm deceived, through the railings I spy  
 The form of a trusty and valiant ally.  
 'Tis young Mr. Gay. Since at Alnwick we met  
 He ranks as the leader and life of our set;  
 For nothing, except what is useful, unfit;  
 A dash of the poet, a touch of the wit.  
 A pet of the *salon*, the club, and the mess,  
 He knows he can write, and he thought he could dress,  
 Until I commissioned Gustavus to tell  
 The foolish young man that he was not a swell.  
 I own it has often astonished me how  
 So pleasant a talker could waltz like a cow.  
 In Parliament, where he as yet is a dumb thing,  
 He sits for the Northern Division of something.

(*Enter MR. GAY.*)

Why, Charley, who ever would dream, I declare,  
 Of seeing your face at this hour in the square:—  
 Too late to be still on your way from a ball:  
 Too early for even an intimate call?  
 And then so untidy! I always can tell a  
 Preoccupied man by his tumbled umbrella.  
 And why is your brow with a shadow o'ercast?  
 And why did you stare on the ground as you passed,  
 With one of those bits of white card in your mouth  
 Which gentlemen smoke who have been in the South?

*Gay.*—Dear ladies, be pleased to console with your pity  
 The slave of a tiresome election committee.  
 For this did I canvass, and promise, and flirt,  
 And drink so much sherry, and eat so much dirt?

For this, my unfortunate sister persuade  
 To dress in a buff of most hideous shade  
 (Though yellow was just—the poor girl would object—  
 The very last tint that a blonde should select) ?  
 For this did I pay in my Published Expenses  
 A sum which affected my guardian's senses :  
 And what in Unpublished I venture to own  
 To my Recognised Agent and banker alone ?  
 For this did I stand on the hustings an hour,  
 My mouth full of egg, and my whiskers of flour,  
 Repeating in accents bewildered and hoarse  
 That sentence to which I have always recourse,  
 Whenever I come to the end of my tether,  
 About a strong pull and a pull all together ?—  
 In order to sulk on a quorum of five,  
 Attempting to keep my attention alive  
 Throughout the degrading and wearisome tale  
 Of twenty-pound notes, and abduction, and ale,  
 By wondering wherefore the witnesses past  
 Should each be more dirty and drunk than the last,  
 And whether the next one can possibly swear  
 To cooler untruths than the man in the chair :  
 While over the window-sill temptingly play  
 The blithe mocking beams of the beautiful day,  
 Which shine on the Row, where in maidenly pride  
 She dashes along at her chaperon's side !  
 Methinks I can see how the delicate flush,  
 Which morning's fresh breath and her steed's onward rush  
 Across the fair cheek for an instant recall,  
 Contends with the pallor of yesternight's ball.  
 Her smile, so sedate, yet so meaning and bright,  
 Denotes it compassion, contempt, or delight,  
 As bumping about on his chestnut she sees  
 In a parallel line, half concealed by the trees,  
 That sheepish young lord in a violet tie  
 Whom men christen stupid, and countesses shy ?  
 Her tresses——

*Lady Matilda.*—Excuse me. We have not to spare  
 The time to descant on her ladyship's hair.  
 The moment has come for the metre to change :  
 Since prudent stage-managers always arrange  
 At this point of the piece that the music should play,  
 For fear of impatient spectators, who say :  
 " These folks with their prologue are likely to bore us.  
 Let's take a short nap, and wake up for the chorus."

[*Sings.*]—As towards the City on the Shoreditch side  
 Above a dreary waste of tiles we glide,  
 Rejoicing that the Eastern Coast Express  
 For once has brought us home in time to dress,  
 Pale with the day-long labours of the woof

We see the weavers from their garrets crawl  
 To court the air of evening on the roof,  
 And their trained flocks of tumblers round them call :—

So I must modulate my throat,  
 And pitch a high and jocund note,  
 With melody the town to fill  
 From Regent's Park to Campden Hill,  
 And bid the doves together hurry  
 Who get their plumes from Mistress Murray :  
 Though certain little pigeons blue  
 Prefer the feathers of Descou.

Haste to my aid, nor deem the summons pert,  
 Ye stately queens of fashion and of fame  
 Whose palaces in fair succession skirt  
 The park which from its colour takes a name :  
 And ye who dwell in Hill Street's ancient halls,  
 Where o'er the porch, whose oil-lamp faintly winks,  
 A rusted quaint extinguisher recalls  
 The bygone days of chairmen and of links ;  
 Or 'midst the pleasant back streets of the West  
 That lurk 'twixt Grosvenor and Cadogan Place,  
 Where newly-married couples choose a nest,  
 And with the wedding-gifts their drawing-room grace ;  
 Or where, remote from senate and from court,  
 In vistas white of never-ending squares,  
 The pensioned Indian's undisturbed resort,  
 Far towards the setting sun Tyburnia's stucco glares.

Hither to the rescue, ladies !  
 Let not fear your spirits vex.  
 On the plan by me that made is  
 Hangs the future of our sex.

No despised or feeble sister  
 Bids you rally for the strife.  
 This is one who never missed her  
 Opportunities in life—

One who goes to Carlton Garden  
 At the close of every week ;  
 One that guardsmen leave their card on ;  
 One to whom attachés speak ;

Who with no misplaced ambition  
 Has her social flag unfurled,  
 And attained the proud position  
 Of a woman of the world.

Shall she, then, be left to mourn her  
 Isolation and her shame ?  
 Come in troops round Hyde Park Corner,  
 Every true Belgravian dame.

Don a light and simple toilette :  
 Or, if any doubt you feel  
 Lest the morning glare should soil it,  
 Come, O come, in déshabille !



Now the town is just awaking,  
And you will not meet a soul,  
Save, perhaps, Lord Chelmsford taking  
His accustomed morning stroll ;  
Or some swells who've chanced to linger  
Over their cigars and chats,  
Twirling latch-keys round their finger,  
As they loiter home from Pratt's.<sup>1</sup>

Keep the route of Piccadilly, when your expedition starts :  
Though the way be somewhat hilly, and the crossings swarm with carts.  
There on warm mid-season Sundays Fryston's bard is pleased to wend,  
Whom the Ridings trust and honour, freedom's staunch and genial friend ;  
Known where shrewd hard-handed craftsmen cluster round the Northern kilns—  
He whom men style Baron Houghton, but the gods call Dicky Milnes.  
Lo ! the Duke with outstretched truncheon indicates your line of march,  
Motioning " Up girls, and at 'em ! " from the summit of his arch.  
Follow that luxurious pavement all along the Dandy's slope :  
Past the spot where Tom and Jerry robbed the door of Mr. Hope <sup>2</sup>  
(May they sink in outer darkness for their sacrilegious loot,  
Just as his Italian marbles fade beneath the London soot ! ) :  
Past the wall which screens the mansion, hallowed by a mighty shade,<sup>3</sup>  
Where the cards were cut and shuffled when the game of state was played.  
Now in those world-noted chambers subalterns exchange cheroots,  
And with not ill-natured banter criticise each other's boots ;  
And a knot of young lieutenants at their new club entrance lean,  
Little recking of the heroes who have stepped those gates between.  
Then in front of Francatelli's, where men never seem to know  
Whether they may take their sisters, turning towards the left you go ;  
And in picking out the foot-track see that special care you use,  
Since the lane down which you walk is half a street and half a mews.  
Stay not till you reach the kerb-stone, where in Berkeley Square I stand,  
With the princely house of Lansdowne and an ice-shop on each hand,  
(Overlook a slip of grammar sanctified by Byron's pen,)<sup>4</sup>  
Thinking out our liberation from the irksome rule of men ;  
Peering back towards Lady Jersey's ; twirling the expectant thumb.  
By our common hopes and fortunes I adjure you. Sisters ; come !

*Enter a number of Ladies.*

*Gay.*—No passing whim, no crotchet vain and light,  
Has snatched you, ladies, from your *Morning Post*,  
Whose columns with their tale of over-night  
Give relish to a tiny plate of toast.  
The hour is ripe an evil to debate  
Which threatens over head and ears to souse  
In seas of trouble this afflicted state——

*Lady Matilda.*—I think we're just enough to form a House,  
And, as for Speaker, I have seldom seen a  
More proper person than our friend Selina.

<sup>1</sup> A fashionable evening club in the vicinity of Brookes's.

The reader may remember that a valuable knocker, which, with equal taste and public spirit, Mr. Hope had placed upon his door in Piccadilly, was some years ago abstracted by the Mohawks of the period.

<sup>2</sup> Cambridge House is now the Naval and Military Club.

" A palace and a prison on each hand."

You, Charley, fetch the roller from the square,  
And prop it up to represent her Chair.  
Some pebbles underneath will keep it steady.

*Gay.*—But where's the Wig?

*Lady Matilda.*—She's got one on already ;  
And, if she'll try the handle not to bend,  
My parasol as Mace I gladly lend.  
I'll take my station on the fountain's base,  
Which kind Lord Lansdowne gave our square to grace :  
And, when I think to whom my seat I owe,  
I hope in eloquence to match with Lowe.  
The ministry, as decent is and fit,  
Shall just in front along the pavement sit,  
And try to look as if they did not mind  
The buffets which assail them from behind.  
We'll name a sensible and pleasant madam  
To act for Brand, and some smart girl for Adam ;<sup>1</sup>  
Who, when the younger members steal away  
To try the croquet hoops, or eat an ice,  
Shall seize their skirts, and stop them in a trice,  
And bid them either pair at once or stay.

*1st Lady.*—As from her agitation I imply,  
Matilda means to catch the Speaker's eye.  
We used to notice, while together waiting  
Behind the bars of Lord Charles Russell's grating,  
That on the verge of any fine display  
Men twist their feet in that uneasy way.

*2d Lady.*—She's rising now, and taking off her bonnet.  
And probably will end by sitting on it.  
For oft, as sad experiences teach,  
The novice, trembling from his maiden speech,  
Drops flustered in his place, and crushes flat  
His innocent and all-unconscious hat.  
And my poor husband spoiled an evening suit  
By plumping down amidst a heap of fruit  
Which some admiring friend, his thirst to quench,  
Had peeled beside him on the Treasury Bench.

*Lady Matilda.*—Since Britain first, to hear her charter sung  
In florid numbers by angelic tongue,  
At heaven's injunction left the azure deep :  
Since acres, kine, and tenements, and sheep  
Enrich the eldest, while the younger sons  
Monopolize the talents and the duns :—  
Since keen old Phillises began to hook  
Unwilling shepherds with their daughter's crook,  
And bade the maid neglect the dulcet notes  
Of Strephon's pipe for Damon's vine and goats :—  
In every age, so rule the Powers above,  
Maternal foresight makes a toil of love ;

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Brand and Mr. Adam were the whippers-in of the Liberal party during the past session.

From past repulses learns that all in vain  
The net is spread in sight of any swain ;  
And wins an uphill battle, foot by foot,  
From Introduction on to Question put.

I seek not then your conscience to perplex  
With strictures on the mission of our sex.  
No London mother ever yet repined  
Beneath a burden shared by all her kind.  
In one short line my grievance thus I state :—  
Our youngest girls come out a year too late.  
For in the days when Pam retained the wheel  
We knew the men with whom we had to deal. [*Applause.*]  
Then sucking statesmen seldom failed in seeing  
The final cause and import of their being.  
They dressed ; they drove a drag ; nor sought to shirk  
Their portion of the matrimonial work.  
They flocked to rout and drum by tens and twelves ;  
Danced every dance ; and left their cards themselves,  
While some obliging senatorial fag  
Slipped their petitions in the Speaker's bag.  
They charged their colleagues of maturer ages  
With pushing local bills through all their stages ;  
Consigned the dry routine of public life  
To legislators furnished with a wife ;  
And thought it much if once in twenty nights  
They sauntered down to swell the party fights.

But now what fond regrets pervade my breast  
To note a stripling, from some lofty nest  
Of bright historic fame but lately fledged ;  
To no loved object, save the ballot, pledged ;  
By travel taught less sharply to recoil  
From notions grown on Transatlantic soil ;  
Weaned from the creed of all his kin and kith ;  
On Bentham nursed, and fed on Goldwin Smith ;  
And fresh from learning at the feet of Grote  
How governors should rule and freemen vote ;  
His one supreme intent, through woe and weal,  
To hold by Gladstone as *he* held by Peel :  
Refined yet negligent ; for want of taste  
In every groom's and valet's eyes disgraced ;  
Scorned by his tailor ; little apt to mind  
Though fashion leave him half a year behind.  
In social wiles unversed, a rumoured ball  
Extracts from him no mild suggestive call :  
Nor deigns he in the ranged quadrille to stand,  
Unless to claim a fair constituent's hand  
Or serve some party end ; and, if by chance  
On one of our dear girls he wastes a dance,  
She hears him wonder, 'midst the figure's pause,  
How Childers will dispose of Walpole's clause :  
Dread words, which damp, beyond all power to scorch,  
The match that might have kindled Hymen's torch.

And when at noon along the joyous Row  
The ceaseless streams of youth and beauty flow,

Though azure habit and artistic hat  
 Invite to snatches of half-tender chat,  
 He turns where, grave and silent, yet serene,  
 His chieftain rides two mirthful troops between,  
 And meets the kindly breeze that fans away  
 Each trace and relic of the nightly fray ;—  
 The trifling slip, by eloquence retrieved ;—  
 The words misconstrued, purpose misconceived ;—  
 The forced and mocking laugh of feigned surprise  
 That down the hostile lines by concert flies ;—  
 The taunt of fear too fevered to be just,  
 And shallowness which deems itself mistrust ;—  
 The venomous stab of envy, that would fain  
 Assume the mien and language of disdain.

Yet long we suffered, chastened to endure  
 The ills that picnics and July might cure.  
 But summer wanes, and visions once so fair  
 Result in Prorogation and despair.  
 The mother sees a wan and jaded band  
 Unwed, undanced-with, and untalked-to, stand.  
 The wife, beguiled by dim and flickering hopes  
 Of random callers, in her drawing-room mopes,  
 Or sits, with ears intent on casual knocks,  
 Though Patti sings, sole inmate of her box.

*1st Lady.*—Yes, indeed ! 'Tis past all bearing, when a husband slights  
 his bride

Who last Christmas still was blushing at her elder sister's side ;  
 Still on some minute allowance finding collars, boots, and gloves ;  
 Still to cousinly flirtations limiting her list of loves ;  
 Still by stern domestic edict charged on no account to read  
 Any of Miss Brontë's novels, or to finish *Adam Bede*.  
 When she says to Charles or Henry : " Will you take me out a walk ?  
 Since the Bill is in Committee scarcely find we time to talk ;  
 And to-day I can't go shopping, though I have so much to do,  
 For the gray you bought in Yorkshire always seems to cast a shoe,  
 Quite the nicest way to spend a penny is to hire a chair,  
 And from underneath the lime-trees watch Lord Granville drive his pair.  
 We may catch a look at Arthur, perched behind his team of roans :  
 And I'm told he soon will break his own or some one else's bones,  
 Since he's not what fast young ladies prone to slang would call a dab.  
 Then we'll dine, and run together in a cosy hansom cab  
 To the Prince of Wales's playhouse, though it be not quite the thing,  
 For my heart is set on hearing pretty Fanny Josephs sing.  
 You shall have the soup I copied from the Windham Club receipt,  
 (Though papa declared on Sunday that it was not fit to eat),  
 Followed by those salmon outlets which the cook has learned to do,  
 And perhaps a little turbot, just enough for me and you."

But the budding politician " Not to-night, my pet," replies ;  
 " I've a motion on the paper, and must wait my time to rise ;  
 Since in this distracting crisis ill the private member fares,  
 If he be not Bright or Kinglake, should he miss his place at prayers.  
 You may ask the girls to dinner,—add the urn, and call it tea.  
 Well I know the ways of women when they get an evening free !

We shall sit with ranks unbroken, cheering on the fierce debate,  
Till the sun will light me homewards as I trudge through Storey's Gate  
Racked with headache, pale, and haggard, worn by nights of endless talk,  
While the early sparrows twitter all along the Birdcage Walk.  
O, to roam o'er glen and corry, far away from fuss and sham,  
Lunching on a chicken sandwich and a slice of bread and jam,  
Tramping after grouse or partridge through the soft September air,  
Both my pockets stuffed with cartridge, and my heart devoid of care ! "

*Gay.*—If Ministers wish us the Tories to beat,  
They surely should grant us the leisure to eat :  
But Liberal youngsters do nothing but fast  
Since ever this measure began to be passed.  
Brand kept me from table three nights in one week  
By hinting that Lowe was intending to speak ;  
Although I suspect to detain me he tried,  
In case Captain Hayter thought fit to divide.  
When all that is clever at Arthur's or White's  
Has set itself down for the gayest of nights ;—  
When the steward is warned, and the cook has a hint  
To see there be neither redundancy nor stint,  
That the whitebait are crisp, and the curry is hot,  
Since some one is coming who knows what is what ;—  
When winecups all mantling with ruby are seen,  
(Whatever the mantling of winecups may mean) ;—  
When over the port of the innermost bin  
The circle of diners are laughing with Phinn ;—  
When Brookfield has hit on his happiest vein,  
And Harcourt is capping the jokes of Delane ;—  
Possessed by alarm of impending collisions  
With doubtful supporters who count my divisions,  
I crouch 'neath the gallery eating my fill  
Of biscuits concealed in the folds of a Bill :  
While stretched at my feet a promiscuous heap  
Of gentlemen lie in the gangway asleep.

*Lady Matilda.*—One chance remains, the last and surest course  
Of injured worth :—a bold appeal to force.  
Through crescent, terrace, circus, and arcade  
Shall scouts proclaim a feminine crusade.  
Let Knightsbridge, Pimlico, and Brompton meet  
Where Grosvenor Place is lost in Eaton Street,  
While Portman Square and Hyde Park Gardens march  
At break of dawn beneath the Marble Arch.  
Across Victoria Road, with beat of drum,  
Straight towards the Abbey bid our musters come ;  
Beset the House, and all approaches guard  
From furthest Millbank round to Palace Yard ;  
Invest the lobbies ; raise across the courts  
A barricade of Bluebooks and Reports ;  
Lest brickbats fail to keep the foes aloof,  
With piles of Hansard line the outer roof ;  
Suspend for good the Orders of the Day ;  
To serve as hostage seize Sir Erskine May ;

*The Ladies in Parliament.*

And with one daring stroke for ever close  
 The fount and origin of these our woes.  
 Till man, who holds so light our proper charms,  
 Is brought to reason by material arms,  
 And learns afresh, what all his fathers knew,  
 His highest function, our most cherished due.

[*Applause.*]

*2d Lady.* Here we sit our treason netting,  
 Talking words that might have hung us,  
 All the while like geese forgetting  
 There may be an Owl among us.  
 Jokes that men unthinking utter,  
 And repent to-day with sorrow,  
 On mysterious pinions flutter  
 Through the laughing town to-morrow.  
 Nought is over Lethe ferried,  
 Statesman's pledge or lover's token,  
 Secrets none securely buried,  
 Since those wondrous birds have spoken.  
 Never knew I what a rage meant  
 Till mamma looked black and solemn  
 At the sight of Jane's engagement  
 In the editorial column.  
 Yes, my Charley, I've a notion  
 That a youth who shall be nameless  
 Wrote *The Diary of Göschen*,  
 Though he looks so meek and blameless.  
 Yet, your observations jotting  
 Down until a note-book's filled, you  
 Play the spy on this our plotting,  
 Blighting every scheme like mildew,  
 As 'midst rabbits steals a ferret,  
 As on street-boys swoop the beadles.  
 By the rules of war you merit  
 Death upon our crochet needles.

[*They surround GAY in a threatening attitude.*]

*Lady Matilda.*—The Whig profane who rudely pries  
 In regions masked from vulgar eyes,—  
 Who once has trod the sacred rug  
 Where Tories lounge in conclave snug,  
 And listen while their chiefs recite  
 The tactics of a coming fight,  
 Or speculate in murmurs low  
 How far the Cave intends to go,—  
 That rash intrusive wasp alive  
 Will never quit the Carlton hive.  
 We, less severe, accord you leave  
 To earn an undeserved reprieve  
 By coaxing with harmonious call  
 Your vagrant brethren hither all,  
 And warning them in silence deep  
 Our counsels and resolves to keep.

But choose an air and measure new :  
For since that vocal drive from Kew  
I'm sick of your Beloved Star,  
Which was so Near and yet so Far.

*Gay* [*sings.*].—Gentle birds of plumage tawny,  
Whom the pale policeman greets  
Flitting nestwards, as at dawn he  
Treads his weary round of streets ;  
Tribe vivacious, bound to serve a  
Term of seasons to Minerva ;  
This a poet, that a sceptic ;  
Tufted some, and others crestless ;  
Roguish, easy, gay, eupeptic,  
Frisky, truant, vague, and restless ;  
Haunt and perch for ever changing  
As the needs of gossip call ;  
Towards the hour of luncheon ranging  
Round the board-rooms of Whitehall,  
Where a busy race of men  
Tie the tape and drive the pen,  
Till the welcome stroke of four  
Open throws their office door.  
There the food which suits his humour  
Never yet an Owl has lacked :  
Scraps of talk and crumbs of rumour,  
Here a guess, and there a fact.  
So, through each Department hopping,  
Culling truth, and fiction dropping,  
Off you fly to print and risk it,  
When your crop with news is stored  
By some lazy junior lord  
Yawning o'er his mid-day biscuit.

Once again, when chill and dark  
Twilight thins the swarming park,  
Bearing home his social gleanings,  
Jests and riddles fraught with meaning,  
Scandals, anecdotes, reports,  
Seeks the fowl a maze of courts  
Which, with aspect towards the west,  
Fringe the street of sainted James,  
Where a warm secluded nest  
As his sole domain he claims ;  
From his wing a feather draws,  
Shapes for use a dainty nib,  
Pens his parody or squib,  
Combs his down, and trims his claws,  
And repairs where windows bright  
Flood the sleepless square with light ;  
Where behind the tables stand  
Gunter's deaf and voiceless band ;  
Where his own persuasive hoot  
Mingles with the strains of Coote,

*The Ladies in Parliament.*

While, retiring and advancing,  
Softly through the music's storm,  
Timid girls discourse on dancing,  
And are mute about Reform ;  
In a sea of flounces swimming ;  
Waves of rustling tulle above ;  
Strewn below the wrecks of trimming,  
Shattered fan and crumpled glove.

Hark ! The clock ! 'Tis twelve already !  
Now an owl, of habits steady,  
Having blinked the roost enough in,  
Bustles towards his morning club,  
Eager for his *Times* and muffin,  
Rosy from the vanquished tub,  
Hungry as an athlete brawny,  
Brisker than a Treasury whip.  
Gentle birds of plumage tawny,  
Round your mate in coveys trip !  
Tu-whit ! Tu-whoo ! Tu-whit ! Tu-whoo !  
When they see I'm of a feather  
All the tuneful, roving crew  
Speedily will flock together.

*Enter Chorus of Owls.*

*Chorus.*—What the dickens means our brother  
By tu-whitting and tu-whooing ?  
Much we fear he's laid another  
Pun : as he is always doing ;  
Or has hatched a long acrostic  
From the dictionary taken ;  
Something fit to pose a Gnostic,  
And defy the skill of Bacon.  
Has he found the rhyme for " Lytton,"  
To complete his stanzas needed ?  
Or the whispered marriage hit on,  
Which we knew as soon as he did ?  
Can it be that he's offended  
At our leaving out his poem ?  
Yet no insult was intended,  
As the want of space must show him.

But now for half an hour must cease  
The plot and business of the piece :  
Because the audience has been  
Long anxious for a change of scene,  
In dread of getting, ere it budges,  
As old as Derby's Irish judges.  
So shift the canvass, while we speak  
A chorus modelled from the Greek.

We wish to praise our sires, who were a mighty race of men.<sup>1</sup>  
For every glass of port we drink they nothing thought of ten.

<sup>1</sup> In this passage an attempt has been made to imitate the jovial conservatism which goes rollicking through the long swinging metres of Aristophanes.



They dwelt above the foulest drains. They breathed the closest air.  
They had their yearly twinge of gout, and little seemed to care.  
They caught the small-pox when they chose. The rules of health to meet  
With strict observance twice a month they washed their necks and feet.  
They set those meddling people down for Jacobins or fools  
Who talked of public libraries, and grants to normal schools ;  
Since common folks who read, and write, and like their betters speak,  
Want something more than pipes, and beer, and sermons once a week.  
And therefore both by land and sea their match they rarely met,  
But made the name of Britain great and ran her deep in debt.  
They seldom stopped to count the foe, nor sum the moneys spent,  
But clenched their teeth and straight ahead with sword and musket went.  
And, though they thought if trade were free that England ne'er would thrive,  
They freely gave their blood for Moore, and Wellington, and Clive.  
And, though they burned their coal at home, nor fetched their ice from Wenham,  
They played the man before Quebec and stormed the lines at Blenheim.  
When sailors lived on mouldy bread, and lumps of rusty pork,  
No Frenchman dared his nose to show between the Downs and Cork ;  
But now that Jack gets beef and greens, and next his skin wears flannel,  
The *Standard* says we've not a ship in plight to keep the Channel.

And, while they held their own in war, our fathers showed no stint  
Of fire, and nerve, and vigour rough, whene'er they took to print.  
They charged at hazard through the crowd, and recked not whom they hurt,  
And taught their Pegasus to kick and splash about the dirt ;  
And every jolly Whig who drank at Brookes's joined to goad  
That poor young Heaven-born Minister with epigram and ode,  
Because he would not call a main, nor shake the midnight box,  
Nor flirt with all the pretty girls, like gallant Charley Fox.  
But now the press has squeamish grown, and thinks invective rash ;  
And telling hits no longer lurk 'neath asterisk and dash ;  
And poets deal in epithets as soft as skeins of silk,  
Nor dream of calling silly lords a curd of ass's milk.  
And satirists confine their art to cutting jokes on Beales,  
Or snap like angry puppies round a mightier tribune's heels :  
Discussing whether he can scan and understand the lines  
About the Trojan Horse, and where and in what clothes he dines :  
Though gentlemen should blush to talk as if they cared a button  
Because one night in Chesham Place he ate his slice of mutton.

Since ever party strife began the world is still the same,  
And Radicals from age to age are held the fairest game.  
E'en thus the Prince of Attic drolls, who dearly loved to sup  
With those who gave the fattest eels and choicest Samian cup,  
Expended his immortal fun on that unhappy tanner  
Who twenty centuries ago was waving Gladstone's banner :  
And in the troubled days of Rome each curled and scented jackass  
Who lounged along the Sacred Way heehawed at Caius Gracchus.  
So now all paltry jesters run their maiden wit to flesh on  
A block of rugged Saxon oak, that shows no light impression ;  
At which whos'er aspires to chop had better guard his eye,  
And towards the nearest cover bolt, if once the splinters fly.

Then surely it were best to drop an over-worried bone,  
 And, if we've nothing new to say, just let the League alone ;  
 Or work another vein, and quiz those patrons of their race  
 Who like the honest working-man, but like him in his place ;—  
 Who bid us mark that artisans their apathy display,  
 And prove how cheaply they regard the question of the day  
 By forming little groups of which some four would make a million  
 To see the Mayor of Birmingham behind a blue postilion ;—  
 Who, proud of revalling the pig which started for Dundalk  
 Because it thought that Paddy wished towards Carlingford to walk,  
 In slavish contradiction all their private judgment smother  
 And blindly take one course because John Bright prefers another.

## BRIBERY AT ELECTIONS.

BY LORD HOBART.

FIFTY-EIGHT members of an Assembly professedly representative, in a country whose population is about thirty millions, and which is perpetually congratulating itself on the possession of self-government, are returned by eleven thousand electors, being the aggregate constituencies of thirty boroughs,—that is to say, by less than one six-hundredth part of the whole adult male population, and less than a hundredth part of the whole electoral body ;—a statement which may afford some idea of the extent to which not only the people in general, but the electors, are in the enjoyment of real representation and of that political liberty which representation is intended to confer.

These eleven thousand electors, finding their suffrages far more valuable than those of voters in general, but having no greater interest in politics nor any superiority, intellectual, moral, or material, and being usually without any means of judging as to the particular merits of candidates unchosen by themselves, are, it appears, for the most part in the habit of selling the votes to the highest bidder, or at least of requiring a sum of money as the condition on which they vote. The state of the case, then,

is this. An amount of political power sufficient to influence in a very important degree the present and future welfare of the whole community is placed in the hands of an extremely small number of persons, not one of whom is supposed to have any special claim to its possession ; and the members who are thus sent to Parliament with the fate of the nation in their hands are sent there (speaking generally) for the simple reason that they have money to spend, and are willing to spend it. A more disastrous distortion of the whole theory of representation it is difficult to conceive. Representative institutions, as distinct from other political systems, have two objects in view,—a Legislative Assembly composed of men whose character and capacity afford security for good government, and (irrespective of good government) the mental and moral welfare of the electors. The result of existing arrangements, so far as these borough voters are concerned, is a degraded electoral community and a plutocratic Legislature.

The facts thus stated in the way of illustration sufficiently explain the nature of an evil which affects a much larger portion of the House of Commons,

which appears to be rapidly gaining ground, and which is the object of much clamorous censure. What, then, are the remedies which have been proposed for it? That which seems to find most favour is the direct and easy one of penal inflictions;—some persons appearing to suppose that the proper mode of preventing bribery is to send both the seller and buyer of a vote to prison, with more or less of hard labour as the case may be found to require. It is forgotten that punishments are not effectual in proportion to their severity, and that there are many offences of the gravest character which it is inexpedient to visit with any legal punishment at all. Can any one who has read the proceedings of the recent Bribery Commissions suppose either, on the one hand, that a slight punishment would be sufficient to put an end to the practice, or, on the other, that a severe punishment would be tolerated by public opinion and otherwise than a dead letter? The success of legal penalties depends on their severity only in so far as that severity meets with general approval. Excessive punishments are either insupportably tyrannical or wholly inoperative; and a punishment is excessive which any large portion of the public habitually considers disproportionate to the crime. In this case, it is perfectly evident that electoral corruption is looked upon as an offence for which the most appropriate treatment is rather a kind of pleasant banter than any very serious condemnation; and, on the other hand, that it is an offence of which the habit is inveterate and ingrained in the electoral mind. In other words, it is an offence for which a heavy punishment and a light one would be equally ineffectual. Even were it otherwise, the extreme difficulty of convicting offenders would be an obstacle, apparently insuperable, to success. This is even now all but impossible as regards the peccant candidate, upon whom social discredit, supplying the place of a legal penalty, acts as a stimulus to the easy task of evasion; and it would be equally so as regards the elector if a legal penalty

were in question. In order to ensure the punishment of bribery, it is necessary that legal proof should be readily attainable not only that money was given, but that it was promised, and not only that it was given or promised, but that it was so on a certain stipulated condition; and to obtain such proof, if both the parties to the arrangement are thoroughly determined to prevent it, is barely within the bounds of possibility. And to make them thoroughly determined to prevent it all that is required is that the transaction should be punishable by law. It would be little less difficult to enforce penalties for secret bribing than to enforce them for private gaming, which is generally admitted to be impracticable;—the State being obliged to content itself with preventing, so far as is possible, anything like public encouragement of the practice. On this ground, then, if on no other, the penal remedy would in all probability fail.

But even supposing that penal inflictions could prevent bribery, it would not follow that they were expedient. As already observed, there are many serious offences against society which cannot properly be made the subject of penal legislation however competent to repress them. In the present case, assuming that severe punishment for bribery would be effectual, there is reasonable ground for question whether it would be just. Is the moral delinquency of the bribed elector of a kind and degree for which, supposing punishment to be in other respects expedient, the State could properly inflict it? Having placed him in a position of peculiar temptation by giving an inordinate and unnatural value to his vote, ought the State to single him out for signal vengeance? In what essential respect, he may further plead, is he morally worse than the minister who distributes his patronage not with a view to the interests of the public service, but so as to reward his friends or gain over his opponents? or (which is still more to the purpose) than the tradesman who votes because a customer will otherwise leave him, or the farmer

who votes because he fears to lose or expects to obtain a farm—neither of whom (whatever opinion may be formed of their conduct) any one proposes to punish? Moreover, it seems certain that the *motives* of men, as distinct from their actions, are not, in any but very extreme and exceptional cases, a proper object of penal laws. It is not for what they do, but for the reason why they do it, that it is proposed to punish the purchased voter and the purchasing candidate. It is because the motive which determines the vote of the bribed elector is not the public interest that he is deserving of censure; and if that motive is any other than pecuniary advantage, such for example as personal feeling, irrespective of political opinions, for or against a candidate, no one thinks of punishing it. What has to be shown, therefore, is that there are special circumstances which exempt pecuniary gain from the rule which forbids the infliction of legal penalties for motives of action; and to show this would be a matter of no small difficulty—of difficulty which must be added to the other reasons against the penal treatment of this offence. Nor should it be forgotten, as one of the most important of those reasons, that to make men moral by Act of Parliament is to deny to them the inestimable opportunity of becoming so themselves.

There is one kind of punishment, of a negative character, which is or is supposed to be in operation, as against bribery, and which seems to require special notice, if only because it is advocated by many persons who are opposed to the infliction of more positive penalties in the case; and that is disfranchisement. It might be sufficient to observe that this punishment has hitherto been found entirely ineffectual to prevent electoral venality, and that there is no reason to suppose that the causes of its impotence—one of which is the extreme reluctance to enforce it—are in course of removal. But, if effectual, would it be expedient? This, certainly, is to be said in its favour, that the disfranchisement of a con-

stituency is a redress *pro tanto* of the balance of political power, since it implies the transfer of the vacant seat or seats to a more numerous electoral body. But some of the reasons which we have found to exist as against more positive penalties are valid also as against this punishment. It is unjust, after giving men votes and at the same time providing them with inducements far beyond those of ordinary electors to use the gift for their own private advantage, to deprive them of those votes because they have yielded to the temptation. Electors who, by the supposition, are in other respects qualified for political power ought not to be deprived of it because they have done that which it is to be presumed electors in general would do if the State had placed them in the same anomalous position in which it has placed the offenders. The remedy is to rectify the anomaly, not to withdraw the privilege. Moreover, any large disfranchisement, where the franchise is necessarily restricted, is, on the score of public freedom, a serious evil, and should not be resorted to except in extreme need. These remarks apply to the disfranchisement whether of constituencies or of individual voters. But to the former there is the great additional objection that every constituency contains electors who are proof against corruption, and that to confound them in the same punishment with the guilty is flagrant injustice; and the evil is aggravated by the consideration that the very men who are thus deprived of the franchise are those who, by resistance to extraordinary temptation, have proved themselves peculiarly fitted for its exercise.

The other expedient which is most frequently suggested for the suppression of the trade in votes, far from being direct, is so much the reverse that at first sight it seems to have no bearing at all upon the subject, and is yet as confidently recommended as if it were the most direct and obvious remedy imaginable. The real cure for bribery, we are told, is the ballot. In other words, if no one can find out how a man

votes, he is sure to vote disinterestedly. The very contrary, one might suppose, would be the effect. If there is one thing more than another that keeps men moral, it is public opinion. If there is one thing more than another which prevents a man from preferring self-interest to public duty, it is the feeling that he will be generally known to have done so. And that such would, in fact, be the effect of the ballot, in other words, that the ballot would to a great extent defeat its own object, is clear. Voters who are now independent, and who are so partly because by being so they obtain the approval of others, and consequently their own, or simply because by being so they "stand well with the world," would lose this important and in many cases paramount inducement to independence. If any one will fairly consider the extent to which his own conduct and that of the community in general is influenced by the opinion of others he will be able to estimate the extent to which the standard of electoral morality would, *ceteris paribus*, be lowered if the support of publicity were withdrawn. But here the ballotist interposes. "*Ceteris paribus*," he says, "you are right; but *cetera* in this case are not *paria*. Granted that, so far as will was concerned, the voter would be more likely to succumb to self-interest under a secret than under an open suffrage; the difference is, that it would not be in his power to do so. With every wish he would be unable to be dishonest. There being no bribers there would be no bribed." "But why would there be no bribers?" you ask, in some surprise. "Because no one would be sure that the voter having been paid to promise his vote would perform the promise. He would take the money and vote on whichever side he pleased." In other words, he is a liar and a scoundrel as complete as can well be conceived. It is somewhat strange that those who form this estimate of British electors should be those who are most anxious to increase their number. One

thing is certain, that they are under an entire misapprehension as to the facts of the case. The British borough elector has, as we have seen, a low enough conception of political ethics, but he is not such a rascal as his friends would have us believe. From a general knowledge of his character it may be inferred—and from the facts of the case as brought out in evidence before the recent Commissions it is certain—that, while here and there a voter may be found who is knave enough for anything, as a rule an elector who is not ashamed to sell his vote will never dream of violating his share in the compact. Ballot might become law; but the sleek, hilarious, and pseudonymous gentleman would arrive precisely as before; would take a room at the "Red Lion" or the "Crown," and would proceed to dispense his favours with the most serene confidence that, in general, they would be returned. The number of his customers who were treacherous as well as corrupt would, as we have seen, be increased by a law securing to them concealment and impunity; but no one who knows anything of the general character of the borough voter, or has read the proceedings of the Commissions, can suppose for a moment that conduct of this kind would be general, or that there would be any such apprehension of it on the part of candidates as would make borough electioneering cheap. On the whole, secret voting (whatever might be its effect upon that less palpable kind of electoral immorality which is euphemistically termed "undue influence") would increase treachery without diminishing bribery.

Further, the ballot, even supposing that it could be effectual for the suppression of bribery, would remove only a part of the evil of which bribery is the cause. That evil so far as regards the elector is of two kinds, positive and negative. The positive evil is the demoralisation of the voter; the negative evil is the loss which he incurs of the benefit in the way of mental improvement to be derived from an independent participation in political affairs. But this

benefit he would also in a great measure lose if the part which he took in political affairs were secret. In order that he may receive it in any but a very imperfect degree, it is necessary that his political life should not be isolated and in the dark, but passed in open association with those who have the same privilege as himself;—that his opinions should be formed and advocated in full and free discussion with his fellow electors, and that he should neither be ashamed nor afraid to confirm them by his vote. Thus, even assuming that the ballot were successful as against bribery itself, though the positive injury which it inflicts upon the elector would be removed the negative injury would in great part remain. In other words, the ballot, supposing that it could by any possibility avail to prevent electoral venality, would restore to the voter his independence, shorn of half its value. Political liberty, which by the sale of his vote he virtually surrenders, would be secured to him in spite of himself: but it would be secured to him by an expedient depriving him of one of the chief advantages which make political liberty an object to be desired.

There is another supposed specific for bribery, which (however desirable it may be on other grounds) is so far from being one that its claim to the character seems scarcely to require notice;—the extension of the franchise. It is of course true that to extend the franchise is to enlarge constituencies, and that the smallness of constituencies is one cause of bribery; but, on the one hand, the addition which would thus be made to the number of electors in those boroughs where bribery now prevails would (speaking generally) be wholly insufficient to counteract it; and, on the other, the class of voters admitted to the suffrage, being of a lower social grade than those who now possess it, would, it must be supposed, be still more amenable to the action of corrupt motives. Household or even universal suffrage would not, in the smaller boroughs, so far widen the electoral area as to place it beyond the cast of

the golden net, while at the same time they would bring within its meshes an easier prey. It is certain that, other circumstances remaining as at present, mere enfranchisement would on the whole increase instead of mitigating the evil.

It seems evident, then, that the remedies which have been resorted to or recommended for this, the most coarse and offensive, species of electoral corruption are all either ineffectual or inexpedient. Nor is it difficult to see, from what has been already said, that the whole question has been habitually considered from a wrong point of view. Bribery has been treated as an abuse in the present state of human nature necessarily incidental to representative institutions, and which must be provided against by special legislation. The fact on the contrary is that bribery in this country is the consequence of a thoroughly vicious electoral system—of a system the supposed object of which being to confer self-government upon certain persons whom the State has thought it right to select from the rest of their countrymen for that privilege, signally fails to accomplish that object. To those who consider that system as perfect, or nearly so, this remark is of course inapplicable. Such persons are consistent enough in resorting to one nostrum after another for a cure; and their error consists simply in supposing that each in turn will either be effectual or less mischievous than the disease. But, by those who believe that the representative institutions of this country, considered as an instrument of political liberty, are full of the most signal defects it ought to be seen that bribery is simply one of the evils consequent on those defects, and that the remedy for it is to be sought in their removal. If they had perceived this, they would long ago have ceased to waste time in the discussion of futile expedients, directed not against the origin of the disorder but against its symptoms, and would have derived from the increased flagrancy of the evil fresh encouragement to eradicate it by removing its cause.



The particular defects in the electoral machinery of this country which lie at the root of bribery are two. The first is that which has already been noticed—the unequal distribution of political power. It is time that bribery should take its proper place as one of the evils incidental to a system which places the government of a great country to a very considerable extent in the hands of a small number of persons, with no claim whatever to the privilege, in a few unimportant localities. There are many reasons why two hundred electors in one part of the country should not return two members, when twenty thousand electors in another part of it return only the same number; but one of those reasons is that the two hundred electors will be offered money for their votes, and are very likely to sell them. Being few in number, the voters are able to demand a price which the candidate can afford to pay, and which in their condition of life is enormous; and on the other hand, while the State has given them a privilege which it has denied to most of their countrymen and given to others only in a far inferior degree, it has taken no security for proportionate mental superiority or material independence. Having assigned by its arrangements a fictitious and unnatural value to the vote and no corresponding immunity from temptation to the voter, there is only one greater error which it could possibly commit—that of being surprised at the result. Even those who are most urgent for a “redistribution of seats” do not appear to be aware of the full extent to which their case is strengthened by this consideration. Session after session they join in the endless, profitless, and at best only half in earnest cry for the punishment of bribery, and so lend their authority to the delusion that bribery is to be put down by penal laws, instead of making use of the natural and powerful leverage which it supplies towards the attainment of that which is or ought to be their object—the gift of real representation to the people of this country.

It is, then, in as near an approach as

possible to that equitable apportionment of members to electors, the perfection of which, so far as those electors are concerned, is the perfection of political freedom, and the utter absence of which is the utter absence of that freedom,—to that ideal of representation of which all true reformers are really, though often unconsciously, in search, and which, in spite of the too successful sophistries and plausibilities with which the question is surrounded, in spite of specious phrases about the “representation of classes,” and “anomalies and irregularities,” wholesome rather than otherwise, they will never rest till they obtain—that the more direct and immediate remedy for venal voting is to be found. Every step towards this consummation is a nail in the coffin of bribery. But, though the most direct, this is not the only weapon with which bribery must be encountered. Under the most perfect “distribution of seats” the size of the constituencies (unless we are to suppose an approach to universal suffrage such as would be neither tolerated nor tolerable in this country, or else a great diminution in the number of representatives) would not be large enough to put bribery, to say nothing of “undue influence,” which is a monster less dependent for success on the small number of its victims, out of the question. As has been said, there is another defect in our representative system which must be remedied before bribery can be slain, or which, even if bribery could be destroyed without its aid, would be necessary to cure the disorder of which bribery is only a symptom. The representative principle, properly applied, though it might be powerless against the pressure of “undue influence” in cases where resistance would be ruinous, claims to exclude the mere barter of votes for money, by supplying, except in minds sordid beyond the average, a better motive than money for electoral action. One of the two great reasons why electors are bribed is that they care very little who is returned to Parliament for the constituency to which they belong, or

what are his political views. Is this to be wondered at when it is considered that, on the one hand, they can scarcely be said to have any field of choice at all; and, on the other, that whether they vote on one side or the other, or do not vote at all, they have commonly about an equal chance of not being represented, or rather of being misrepresented, in Parliament? Is it to be wondered at that, when one or two persons are presented to his choice of whom he knows nothing either good or bad, or only the latter, the voter is indifferent as to which of them may be his representative? Is it surprising that a Liberal elector with a very good prospect of being represented by the Tory candidate, or a Tory elector by the Liberal candidate, takes no particular interest either in the process by which his views are ascertained, or the mode in which the government of the country is carried on? The wonder would rather be if any spark of such an interest were discoverable in him. It is commonly answered that the opinions of electors who are out-voted in their own constituencies are represented in others. But, in the first place, this statement is true only where the opinions which they hold and care about are those held by one of two great parties which happen at the time to be contending for power, and by one or other of which all active political opinion is exclusively absorbed;—it is a mere accident of the case, and by no means, even now, universally applicable. And, in the next place, it is one thing to be represented by a person whom the elector has himself chosen, and another to be represented by a person who has been chosen for him. The difference is quite enough to decide the question whether the voter shall take a great interest, or none at all, in political affairs. The truth is, that the system of representation by local majorities, which is common to most existing representative institutions, is wholly inconsistent with the true ideal of representation. That ideal implies that every man qualified for the electoral privilege should feel that he has a part,

equal to that of any other elector, is the composition of the ruling assembly; under existing representative systems nearly half the electors may be in theory, and a very large number of them are in practice, totally without any part in it whatever. The ideal of representation, moreover, implies that the voter shall have free range for his electoral faculty among the best, ablest, and most distinguished men who are willing to offer themselves for his choice; existing institutions limit him, in most instances, to a few whom the local attorney, or the Treasury "whip," or the place-hunters of the Carlton or Reform have provided. The difference in the two cases is enormous. It is no less than the difference between political life and political death;—the life in which independence, patriotism, and mental enlightenment are born, grow, and expand; the death of which ignorance, selfishness, and servility are the result, and electoral corruption the most salient proof. Nor is a representative system conforming in these respects to the ideal by any means an impossibility. Such a system has been framed and proposed in this country by Mr. Hare, and has been adopted with success by a foreign nation. It has been received in this country with the sneers, customary in such cases, of the ignorant and unreflecting; among the more thoughtful and enlightened *laudatur et alget*; the reasons given for such a reception in both cases being its novelty and alleged complication; the first of which is anything but complimentary to the national character, since it implies that nothing which is novel, however excellent, has any chance of general acceptance; and the second proceeds upon the supposition that the complication of the scheme (which means a certain minuteness of detail necessary for the application of a perfectly simple and intelligible principle) is a greater evil than the injustice, inconsistency, and demoralisation which characterise the present system. But, inasmuch as the proposal is based upon reason, and justice, there can be little doubt that it will ultimately prevail;



indeed, it is to the complete adoption of this scheme that the views and arguments of those by whom each successive victory in the cause of progress has been gained are (though they are often themselves unaware of it) really directed. Except in "personal representation" there is no real political liberty; and of this one reason is that there is no other way of giving to the voter that intelligent interest in the general welfare, and therefore in the choice of his representative as connected with that welfare, which can compete with his indolence and self-love. Under Mr. Hare's scheme the elector has, in a general published list of candidates, for any one of whom he may vote in the order of his preference as shown by his voting paper, some possibility of choosing a representative in whose ability, wisdom, and patriotism he has confidence, or whose political opinions he approves; and, on the other hand, instead of a very fair chance of being wholly unrepresented or misrepresented, he has the certainty of a share, and a share equal to that of any other elector, in the choice of the governing body. There can be no doubt that under this system not only the number of persons proposing to enter Parliament, but their qualifications for the trust, would be greatly increased. The entire roll of candidates, thus enlarged and enriched, would be open to the elector, instead of the miserable sample with which he is now in very many cases obliged to be content; and he would at the same time vote with the knowledge that his own political opinions, or those of some person in whom he could trust, would be expressed in the general assembly. Under such a system there might still be bribery; but it would unquestionably be far less systematic, general, and

shameless than at present; and for the extent to which it existed the responsibility would rest, not, as now, upon the State, which, by a blundering misconception of the representative principle, has gone far to create it, but simply upon those infirmities of human nature which governments may foster but cannot remove.

It may be hoped, then, that bribery will in future take its proper place in public estimation as the result of defective political institutions acting upon a condition of public morality too imperfect to resist their operation; that we may shortly see the end of the fruitless and mischievous tendency to resort to styptics for the political Pæctolus, which can only be arrested by drying up its source; and that the cure will be sought and found in the readjustment of our political system so as to confer real self-government upon electors, including, as such a process would, the twofold change which has been indicated,—a redress of the balance of political power, and security to the voter that he may, if he pleases, be represented in Parliament by some person whom he has chosen because that person was, in his opinion, the fittest who could be found for the business of legislation. Of this at least there can be no doubt, that bribery is growing, to the prejudice of public liberty, the deterioration of the national character, and the discredit of free institutions; and that if men will continue their attempts to mitigate the symptoms of the disorder instead of striking at its root, it will advance at steadily increasing speed, with what fatal consequence, probable if not certain, to the cause of freedom and the destinies of a great nation it is painful to foresee.

## SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## SOME OF THE SQUIRE'S PLANS FOR ARTHUR.

"AND so that business is over and done with," said the Squire to Arthur one morning before lunch. "And now the best thing you can do is to go over this afternoon and begin to make the agreeable to the eldest Miss Granby. It will be all right; I sounded old Granby on the matter. And at the same time write to those Oxford people, and resign your fellowship—cut the shop altogether, and pitch your white tie overboard at the same time. It is not too late even now to leave the Church and go to the Bar. Don't let me see those black clothes any more. You must act up to your new position. One parson in a family is well enough, but the head of a family never ought to be in orders."

Silcote said all this in a blundering halting sort of way, with his eyes turned from his son, wandering up and down; he jingled his watch-chain also while he was saying it, and was evidently doubtful, if not actually afraid, of the way in which it would be received. He was not at all reassured by Arthur saying, very coolly,—

"I don't half understand you. I think we must have an explanation."

The Squire knew perfectly well how hopeless it was to attempt to bully Arthur. Still, no point would be lost by riding the high horse at first, whereas one or two points might be gained. He was so afraid of Arthur that he had never unrolled his new plans to him, but had trusted that, when they were all in train and half-accomplished, Arthur

would submit to them from necessity. Hence his confused announcement of them, which puzzled Arthur extremely.

"I am going to submit to no explanations or discussions whatever. You are now the heir of the house, and I shall trouble you to behave as the heirs of great families are generally expected to behave; with submission to the head of the house. Yesterday you were nobody, a mere fellow of Balliol or some such place. To-day you are the heir to a very great property; and, with your talents, you must end in the House of Lords. I have let you have your own way while you were a younger son. I insist that you obey my will now you are the elder."

"You don't mean to say that you have disinherited Tom?"

"Of course I have disinherited that scoundrel, sir. This morning I have made a new will, leaving the whole of the property unreservedly to you. But I will have my conditions fulfilled. Nothing can prevent my leaving everything to St. Mary's Hospital if I choose. It does not take long to make a will, sir."

"You have done a very foolish thing, and a very unfair thing," replied Arthur, steadily. "Tom will do very well in time, and it was you who spoilt him, as you are spoiling Anne. As regards myself, you might have had the civility to consult me before burdening me with this wretched property and its responsibilities, and ruining all my plans for the future. I have marked out a plan of life for myself, and the possession of great wealth don't enter into that plan at all,—in fact, would ruin it. Conceive a man of my talents and ambition, and with my fanatical ideas of the responsibilities of wealth, having to drag out his

life among the wretched details of a large English estate! You must be mad."

"Better men than you have done so, sir."

"H'm," said Arthur. "Well, giving you that point, the more fools they. If you don't do your duty by your estate, you are a rascal; if you do, you cut yourself off from everything which makes life valuable. You, for one instance, make yourself a member of a particular order, and by degrees imbibe the prejudices of that order. I'll defy any man in the world to associate habitually with one set of neighbours, and not take up with their prejudices. And I want no prejudices. There is priggishness enough at Oxford for me. A word or a phrase too often repeated gets a fictitious value, and at last is worshipped as a sacred truth; and he who dares handle it in any way roughly is a heretic and a villain: the word Reform, for instance. Now about Miss Granby. I have not the honour of the young lady's acquaintance. May I ask why her name was mentioned just now, as a matter of curiosity?"

"She has eighty thousand pounds, Arthur, and, if I could see her my daughter-in-law, I should not have a wish ungratified."

"You want to see her eighty thousand pounds in the family?"

"Precisely."

"Then why don't you marry her yourself? You are not old, you are quite as good-looking as ever I remember you to have been, and she would sooner have you than me. There would not be the same disparity in your ages. You know she is old enough to be my mother."

"Then you are determined to thwart me in this?"

"Most assuredly."

"Take care, sir."

"I shall take very good care I don't marry Miss Granby. Come, don't let us quarrel; we quite understand one another. Tom will distinguish himself, and be taken back into favour again. You know he has got a commission in the Austrian army?"

"No. It is impossible. The regulations would not permit of it."

"Nothing is impossible to our aunt, the Princess, at Vienna, it seems. *She* has managed it. He is fiddling at the top of the tune there."

"With her money, I suppose."

"So I suppose."

"He will ruin her, as he would have ruined me."

"I fear there is very little doubt of it."

"Can't you warn her?"

"Yes, I can warn her, and so I can warn her brother, my most gracious father; and so I can warn the thorough-going Radicals: but with the same result in every case."

"It is a bad business," said the Squire. "Your aunt is very foolish, Arthur. And she has got a very pretty bit of money of her own. She has a terribly slippery tongue, but she can't have a bad heart. Arthur, I believe she is very fond of me still, and I have not spoken a civil word to her this twenty years."

"More shame for you," said Arthur.

"Why can't you be kind to her? It is all nonsense, you know."

"Is it?" said the Squire. "Come, I wish you would drink some more of this wine; it is real Clos Vougeot, of the first *crus*. I imported the hogshead with Cass of Northcote and Sir Charles Haselburn; you can get no such claret at Oxford."

"I am aware of it; but I take very little wine."

"I fear you don't take enough. What makes you so pale? You get paler year by year: sometimes you look quite ghastly."

"Yet I never look ill, do I? I work a great deal—a very great deal—and very much by night. In consequence of something a fellow-tutor said to me a few years ago, I determined to work mathematics up to the Cambridge standard, and I have done so. I am now examiner, and correcting the papers last term has pulled me down. Don't mention my health. I dislike it. I am perfectly well."

"On your honour?"

"On my honour. I have never had a day's illness since I was a boy. The reason I dislike the mention of it is that, to me, the loss of health would be such a hideous disaster."

"I wish I could see you well married, Arthur."

"I thought we had done with Miss Granby."

"So we have, if you like. One could as soon make water mix with oil as make you marry any one you did not like; unless you made it out to be your duty, and it don't seem to be part of your duty to obey your father. We will say nothing more about her. I should not object to any other, provided she was——; provided she met your views, of course. Is there such a one?"

Arthur, usually so pale, was, in spite of himself, burning red as he answered steadily, "No."

"You are perfectly certain that you mean what you say, Arthur, and that there is no young lady whatsoever?"

"I am perfectly certain," replied Arthur, looking his father steadily in the face, and getting by degrees less fiery hot about the ears. "There is no one whatever."

"I am delighted to hear it," said the Squire. "It is a great relief to my mind. That sort of thing never does, depend upon it—— Well, I'll say no more. Now, can I do anything for you? You must want some money."

"I don't want any money, thank you. But I should be very glad if you would reconsider the measure of turning the widow Granmore and her sons out of their farm."

"They shall stop in if you like, at your request."

"I only want justice done. I only want to see that you don't do yourself more injurious with the country. What is your case?"

The Squire stated it eagerly and volubly—delighted to have a chance of justifying himself before a perfectly unbiassed person. "Case, sir? it is all on my side. I allowed her and her three lubberly sons to keep the farm on after

Granmore's death, on certain conditions as to crops and fences, not one of which has been fulfilled; they have neither brains, energy, or capital to fulfil them. She is ruining my land. She is destroying the capital on which she professes to be paying interest. She is living on me. She is breaking every law of political economy; and I have given her notice. I cannot have my land destroyed by other people's widows: but, after all, it is as good as *your* land now, and, if you say let her stay, she shall stay. Only I warn you that, if you are going to manage the estate on these principles, you had better let me marry Miss Granby in real earnest, and accept a rent charge."

"Well," said Arthur, "in strict justice your case is a good one; she has certainly no more right to ruin your land than to pick your pocket. Send the baggage packing. You are only a capitalist, you know, and must, in mere honesty towards the State, behave as any other capitalist. If she is actually over-cropping the land, she ought to go on every ground. I am quite convinced." And so Arthur rose, whistling.

"Is there no middle course?" said the Squire, before he had reached the door.

"Eh?"

"Any middle course. Nothing short of turning her out?"

"Oh yes, there is a middle course, if you think yourself justified in pursuing it. Renew her lease for a shorter term on more stringent conditions, and lend her some money at four per cent. to start with. She knows what she is about fast enough. That is a middle course. I don't recommend it, or otherwise; I only point it out."

"Well, I will follow your advice then, young sir. Is it the new fashion at Oxford to incur obligations and shirk out of the acknowledgment of them,—to persuade a man to do what you wish in such an ill-conditioned manner that the objection actually appears to be on your side? I will do as you wish, Arthur, and most humbly thank you for asking me."

Arthur left the room, and was gone

about ten minutes. When he returned he came in very gravely, and laid his hand on the Squire's shoulder.

"Father," he said, "I thank you very heartily for all your kindness to me, more particularly in this matter about the farm. I will, in everything, follow your wishes as far as they do not interfere with my private judgment. I have not behaved well to you to-night, and I ask your forgiveness."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SOME OF ARTHUR'S PLANS FOR HIMSELF.

It cost him something to say those last words, even to his own father.

How far can a man, even of the strongest will, succeed in curing the faults of his character? He may repress them, and hide them from the eyes of other people almost entirely, but they are there incubating. And when the moral system gets out of order, the moral gout gets twitching again. A man has generally contracted all the faults of character he will ever be plagued with this side of the grave before he is sixteen; some being hereditary, some coming through foolish education, and some through evil opportunity. The life of the most perfect saint would be the life of a man who by misfortune had found himself at years of discretion the heir to a noble crop of evil moral instincts, including of course the accursed root of the whole evil tree, selfishness; and yet who had succeeded, through all states of ill health, poverty, and the temptation of prosperity, in keeping them in repression; in never even betraying to the world the fact of the temptation; the fact of the evil disposition existing at all: knowing himself to be often in wish a sinner, yet acting, throughout his life, in every relation like a saint. Such a character is possible, and yet even of such a character one could not say that he had *cured* his worse instincts; one could only say that he had most nobly suppressed them.

There are those who hold the very

noble and glorious belief that, through the grace of God, and the persistent imitation of Christ, evil instincts themselves become eradicated, and at the last that the soul itself quits the body in perfect accord with her Saviour. Of such a divine creed let us speak with reverence, and deep admiration. We have not to do with such great and deep matters here. We are speaking of the world worldly.

We are speaking of Arthur Silcote: a man who took pride in dexterously, and with shrewd common sense, steering clear of the Pantheists of those times on the one hand and the Tractarians on the other: destructively snapping, bitterly enough at times, at the weak points of each; and constructively building up a most queer and adaptive form of orthodoxy, which the more advanced and embittered spirits on either side agreed (in that if in nothing else) would certainly get him a bishopric in the end.

He was no saint, although a man of perfect purity in morals, and one who made duty and self-sacrifice (as he thought) the first objects of his life. If you told him that ambition and love of power were the mainspring of most of his actions, he would honestly admit it, and say coolly in addition that he felt himself fit for power, and that it was therefore his duty to acquire it. Continual and uninterrupted success from his very youth had developed in him that form of selfishness which we call self-confidence. He had, *with* his self-confidence, taken stock of this same vice among other, real and imaginary, imperfections, to be cured in his scheme of making himself a perfect and successful character; and, as Mr. Pip when he wrote out a schedule of his debts and left a margin, thought it was as good as paying them, so Arthur, when he wrote down "overweening self-confidence" in the analysis of his character, alongside of gluttony and laziness, thought that the former devil, being *en visage*, was of necessity laid with the two others. Nevertheless Arthur had been a prig at school sometimes, and, in spite of all his spasmodic efforts to

the contrary, was a little of a prig now. He was a man whose goodness shamed one, but he was without the quality of *bonhomie* now, as he was five years before, when the old tutor at Balliol warned him of this fault in his character, and when he so faithfully determined to amend it.

His influence among undergraduates was less than nothing. The year of his proctorship he was nearly howled out of the theatre; although no one was able to bring a single case of injustice against him. Perfectly without blame himself, he was utterly unable to make allowances for lads scarcely younger than himself. He had been warned about the reckless stinging use of his tongue by wise and good friends, and he thought he had conquered that habit at least; but with overwork the old habit came back, and his sentences against undergraduates were embittered sometimes by cruel words, so that men said they would sooner be rusticated by the other proctor than gated by him. His manner as an examiner, too, was cold, contemptuous, and inexorable; the "shady" man, whose cruel fate left him to Silcote of Balliol, felt himself half plucked before he began. And yet there were about half a dozen men, all of the first mark in the University, who believed in him, as Jourdan believed in the young artillery officer Buonaparte, and who swore that he was not only the cleverest, but the best and kindest fellow alive.

His ideas about women, about their powers of intellect, their great weight in the social scale—whether just or unjust,—their natural capabilities of learning logical reasoning—whether their sentimental conclusions came from an inferior intellect or from the want of a university education—are not of much value, seeing that he knew nothing whatever about them. But he would reel it you off by the yard about women, with his hands in his pockets comfortably, and would leave you with the impression that they were to be tolerated, but that he did not think much of them. Miss Austen? Oh certainly,

but then any one could write a novel. Her novels far better than Smollett's or Fielding's? Certainly, they were more entertaining, and were without the element of coarseness. Mrs. Somerville and Miss Herschell? They had shown a certain capacity for figures. Mrs. Hemans? Pretty idea of rhythm and pathos. Miss Barrett? Well, he would give you Miss Barrett, if you came to that, provided you admitted her to be an exception—otherwise would argue on until it was time to knock out of college. Madame Dudevant, then? No, on no account. She only reproduced that rebellion against formulas which expressed itself in the lower thought of the Reformation and the French Revolution. Mere over-stated cases against old formulas did not constitute original thought. She was Heine's youngest sister's ghost, without his powers of epigram or rhythm. Miss Brontë? A good and nervous, though coarse, describer of a narrow landscape. And so on: on this, as on every other subject, apt to be bitter when he knew his subject, and trying to be smart when he did not.

One Christmas-day, as the reader may remember, a most absurd accident threw him very awkwardly against his brother's governess, Miss Lee. He had entertained a considerable objection to that young lady, and his more intimate introduction to her had been exceedingly unfortunate; but fate would have it that he should try to remove that awkwardness by sitting beside her and talking to her. Perfect physical beauty and grace, combined with propinquity and opportunity, will have their due effect as long as there are finely-organized men and women in the world; and so Arthur, by the end of that somewhat memorable evening, discovered that Miss Lee was not understood where she was, and that her studies required directing, and her mind forming: in short, he determined to devote a little of his spare time to taking Miss Lee in hand, and seeing whether or no it was too late to make anything of her.

Apparently there were considerable hopes that Miss Lee would not become an



utter castaway. He evidently had great expectations of doing something with her, though it was rather late in the day; some hope of providing her with fixed opinions on which to shape her character, and of giving her an object in life. He took to his task with a will, and Miss Lee's profound submissive reverence evidently gave him satisfaction, for he persevered in a way which drew the warmest praise from his brother. She was ignorant of poetry (she suppressed the fact of a tolerably extensive acquaintance with Byron); she must be introduced to the exquisite tender purity of Tennyson, and have the deeper passages explained to her—sometimes, Madam Dora declares, in the square by moonlight. She was ignorant of history; he was kind enough to read to her aloud the account of a Highland fight, in which thirty people were killed with the usual brutality, in the sonorous prose of the late Lord Macaulay. Further, Miss Lee's touch on the piano was most unsatisfactory, it wanted firmness for sacred music; and nothing but Arthur's continued attention cured her of the odious habit of keeping her wrists higher than the keys. In short, it was the old story—Monseigneur amused himself. He was short and sharp with her at times, and at times angry, for the poor girl, though not naturally dull, was dull by habit; and, used as she was to reckless freedom, at times his drilling and his exigence were almost unbearable.

At first she submitted to him, and used her every effort to please, from mingled motives of respect, of fear, and of the wish to attract him. He was in her eyes a very great man indeed, a king among men, a man respected, consulted, and looked up to by all the other men she knew of, the savage old Squire included; a man whose prestige was paramount in their little world, and whom she, and indeed others, believed to have the same weight and consideration in the world as he had in his own family: there are such men in most families which are removed from the real world. So she had begun by trying to please him, and gain his esteem (and his admi-

ration too, perhaps, for she had a looking-glass); and went on to find that he was wondrous handsome, and that his speech was so pregnantly suggestive of all kinds of unknown knowledge, and of sources of intellectual pleasure of which she had never dreamt, that she had forgot about her beauty, and wondered how he could ever have taken the trouble to notice one so far inferior to him in every way as herself. If after that *fiasco* of his on the Christmas evening, she had thought of attracting him by her face, that idea soon passed away. She forgot herself by comparison of herself with him; in short, to use the old formula, the poor girl fell desperately in love with him. In an innocent silly way she had thought she would have liked a lover to fetch and carry for her. She had got one with a vengeance; but there was no fetch and carry about this one.

And Mr. Arthur all this time? Why, Mr. Arthur could look his father straight in the face and say there was no woman in the case at all, and mean it too. But his temper began to suffer in these times. In Convocation and in Common Room he was getting an ugly name in that way, and his best friends were lamenting it. His enemies, who were many, allowed him any amount of ability, but said that his temper had always been bad, and was getting worse, and that his temper would shelve him effectually. His friends said that there was not a better-hearted fellow in Christendom, but that he was trying too much, and that his nerves were getting shaky. Neither party knew that his fresh irritability arose from the fact that he was thinking too much of his brother's governess, and steadily trying to deny the fact to himself,—that towards the end of each term he had nearly succeeded in forgetting, or believing that he had forgotten, the existence of such a person; but that at the beginning of each vacation his wilful legs carried him to his brother's schoolroom, where he saw her again; and found her improved in intelligence and beauty each time; proving by her improvement that she

had perpended every hint and suggestion of his, and acted on them with diligent reverence, and an intelligence which seemed to "square" itself (mathematically speaking) month after month, and promised in time to become very great. He began to see that in this sometime dowdy careless girl there existed a very noble nature, and not a little intellect; and that he had awakened them. He wished he had never seen her a hundred times a week. If he ever, in his inexorable plans, "contracted an alliance" (he had no idea of your Darby-and-Joan marriages) he must have, first of all, "connexion." Such a preposterous action as that of marrying Miss Lee meant ruin, retirement to a college living, and a wasted life. It was not to be thought of for an instant. And besides, the girl's manners! He could train her in other ways; but what man could speak to a woman on the subject of manners? It was a worse matter than the "connexion" business. Yahoo brothers-in-law were bad enough, but they might be pensioned. A wife whose family was without interest was bad enough too; but a wife who was so utterly without knowledge of some of the ways of the world as was Miss Lee, was quite out of the question.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SOME OF MR. BETTS'S PLANS FOR HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

ONE of the circumstances which it now becomes necessary to notice more prominently is the extraordinary friendship which had sprung up between Squire Silcote and Mr. Betts.

It had begun in the battle-royal with the Sir Hugh Brockliss faction, about the removal of St. Mary's Hospital into the country. Mr. Betts's shrewdness, his bold bull-dog style of fighting, the rough carelessness of speech natural enough in a somewhat coarse man finding himself among superiors, who were perfectly aware of his antecedents, and very much inclined to snub him; more

than all, perhaps, his intense dislike and contempt for Sir Hugh Brockliss—natural enough, also, for men of his class are very apt to hate the class next above them: all these things, combined with the profoundest respect for the Squire himself, had won Silcote's heart, and he had admitted Betts to his intimacy in a wonderful manner. As time went on he found that Mr. Betts suited him, and became necessary to him; and Arthur, coming suddenly from Oxford once, was very much astonished to find Mr. Betts quietly ensconced opposite his father before the fire, with dessert and wine between them, as comfortable as could be.

"This is queer," he thought, "but it may lead to good. Algy's head trumpeter as the governor's chief confidant. If the fellow will not trumpet too loud, this may lead to a great deal of good. I wonder if he has tact enough to see that."

He had quite as much tact as Arthur in his way. He once, in a natural manner, when the conversation led easily up to the point, mentioned Algy's noble behaviour to him in a manly straightforward way, and left the heaven to work.

"It'll end in a legacy, mayhap; but, as for that, the Squire's is a better life than Algernon's. I'll do all I can; but time is the word, and caution. That old Princess! I wish she was choked with her diamonds, or smothered in one of her satin gownds, or hung in her own Vallanceens. I'd give a ten pun' note, my lady, to know what games you have been up to in foreign parts in your time, and why you are everlastingly bobbing up and down to Kriegsthum's in a black veil. There's a nail loose in one of your shoes, Madam, or you wouldn't be hand and glove with the most pig-eyed, false-hearted, ten-languaged" (Mr. Betts distrusted, with a true British distrust, those who spoke foreign tongues) "rascal in Europe. I could buy your secret of him, my lady, if I was rich enough; but where would be the use of sporting my shillings against your pounds? Old Frankypanny knows all



about you, too, but he is such a stuck-up, honourable, poverty-struck old swell that I as much dare ask the Duke of Norfolk. There's old Miss Raylock, too; I was present when she was in the library, rummaging among the old books according to custom; and she was talking as pleasant to me as need be, and as confidential; but when you came in, rustling with your silks, she shut up, did the old girl, all in a minute, as tight as a Chubb's safe, and begins a bowing and scraping, and sticking her old nose in the air; ay, and looked the princess all over, as well as you, and better too. *She* knows. But she is no good. One of the same sort as Frankypanny. That Boginsky, he is a regular young sieve; he'd be the fellow to work, but I never did trepan a loose-mouthed man, except in the way of business, and I never will. Nevertheless, my fine Madam, I am deeply indebted to you for your well-meant effort to hoist me out of this; and, if I can put a spoke in your wheel, you may rely on my doing so with a thorough good will."

For the Princess strongly objected to the introduction of Mr. Betts at Silcotes. Among her better reasons for this, one can see that she distrusted him because he belonged strongly to the faction of the dispossessed prince Algernon; and it was possible, with such a whimsical man as her brother, that his old dislike of Algernon might die out under new influence, to the terrible detriment of her darling Tom, now become a pest and an expensive nuisance to his father. Arthur, in case of being heir, would deal nobly by his brother: from the wronged Algernon Tom could not hope much, she argued, not knowing that the Quixotic Algernon, in his blind devotion to Tom, would have most likely given him back nearly everything, or, at least, would have trusted him with far more than would the shrewder Arthur. Among the more ignoble motives for her dislike of Mr. Betts was the fact that Mr. Betts, having done a vast deal of foreign business in his life among shaky Continental

bonds, was intimate with a great many very shaky Continental characters, and chiefly with Kriegsthum, whose close acquaintance with the chances of foreign revolutions had made him a most useful man in old times, and whose information he had paid for handsomely. She knew that Betts and Kriegsthum were intimate, and, with her usual foolishness, asked her brother if he was aware of the sort of character he was bringing into his house; giving an account of Betts's bankruptcy, with a great many fresh particulars, invented, I fear, on the spot. Silcote had told her that he was quite aware of Mr. Betts's bankruptcy, but that he liked the man. He said it so very quietly, that she saw at once that she had only, by being too quick and eager, aroused the old obstinacy in him, and gave up her point directly: becoming at once intensely civil and polite to Mr. Betts.

A woman who shifted her tactics in the most transparent manner on the smallest occasion, a woman who in details never knew her mind for two days together, and yet who, with regard to a few great objects, which her weak brain was capable of understanding, could show a persistency to which the stupid narrow obstinacy of her brother was as nothing! Some person remarking once to Miss Raylock that they wondered how such a very decided person as the Squire could have such a very weak and silly sister, that shrewd old lady remarked, "You little know her. She is a thousand times more Silcote than Silcote himself. She is the greatest living impersonation of Silcotism, which has found its latest development in that, to me, dreadful young gentleman Arthur. You *may* prevent her from having her own way, but it will take two or three of the best of you to do it. And she is not a bad woman at bottom."

From this time one of the leading purposes of the Princess's life was the elimination of Betts. She did not exactly know why, or even settle with herself whether or no it was better to make a friend of him. She knew what she wanted done, and Betts was in the

way of doing it. Betts was a cleverer person than herself, and she was afraid of negotiation on that ground. He must be removed. She had only her old set of weapons to fight with—misrepresentation, patience, and affectionate politeness towards the victim. Betts knew her object, and understood her artifices, and she was perfectly aware that he did so: but she knew, better than twenty Bettises, the power of everlasting affectionate civility: it lulls the most hard, bitter man to sleep some time or another, particularly when it is administered by a princess. The victim is sure to become confidential sooner or later, and commit himself. Her instincts in this respect were better than Betts's shrewdness: but, unfortunately for her, Betts had nothing in reserve about his previous life with the exception of his bankruptcy, of which all the world knew. She, on the other hand, felt perfectly certain that a man who was on the best terms with her beloved Kriegsthum must have some fact in his biography in reserve; which fact could be bought from Kriegsthum for a consideration, and made useful. And Kriegsthum was a great silent ox of a fellow, who was not to be suddenly or spasmodically moved without a large outlay: and Tom was very expensive to her now that his father had pitched him overboard; and so all outward and vigorous action against Betts was given up for a while.

In a short time Betts saw this; he kept his eyes on her very closely until he saw that she was passive, and then, knowing all the time that she was the key to all the cross purposes in the house, he began his work. He neither saw end or object at first; he only saw that the Dark Squire (whom he found to be not such a bad fellow after all) had been abused, and he guessed that the Princess was at the bottom of it all. The first thing to do was evidently to gain an influence over the Squire, and that was not very difficult.

What the whole Silcote family are plagued with appears to be a kind of moral ossification of the brain. Some-

time in his earthly career each member of this family seems to get an idea into his head, which never can be got out again without severe worldly affliction, and the patient efforts of all the well-meaning friends of the family. And a noticeable thing is, that obstinate families of this kind always have so many friends. The most foolish obstinacy among us does beget some respect. Silcote himself, in spite of his brutal rudeness, was most highly respected and feared in the county. Arthur was respected at Oxford. Algernon, when he began to develop the family failing, was respected even by the Protestant party in the parish: even Miss Raylock respected the Princess, though she declined to acknowledge it. But we have to do with Silcote himself now. His particular form of the family failing had led to his shutting himself out of all society, until he began, as a shrewd man, to see that he was falling behind-hand with the world. To him appeared Betts, keen, cunning, and wise in the ways of the world from which the Squire had dissociated himself so long. Is it any wonder that Betts's influence over him very soon became almost equal to that of Arthur?

"I want to see the right done here," Betts said to himself; "but it is all so wrong, that I don't see my way to the right. The Squire is not wise, but that is a family failing. However, here is twelve or fourteen thousand a year to be manœuvred, right way or wrong way, and it is a precious sight better fun working other folks' money than your own. Ah! there you are, my good friend Squire Silcotes, coming over the lawn to consult me about buying those Welsh bullocks, knowing perfectly well that I know no more about bullocks than I do about church decorations. If I was a fool I should pretend to know something about them, but as I ain't a fool, I shall chaff you about coming to a stockbroker for agricultural information. All you Silcotes want a dry nurse to take care of you; only she mustn't be particular about having her shins kicked, or her nose bit off."

"Mr. Betts," said the Squire, "would you mind coming down to the green, and looking at some Welsh bullocks for me?"

"I've no objection to look at your bullocks, Squire, only bargaining that you should tell me which is the head and which is the tail."

"I wanted your advice with regard to buying them."

"When was the bailiff took ill, then?"

"He is not ill."

"Then why don't you ask him about the bullocks? He knows a deal better about them than a stockbroker. You ask too much advice, Squire; and, what is more, take too little."

## CHAPTER XX.

JAMES HAS A WET WALK.

"STAND there," said Dora, "and I will show you how it all was. You are not quite in the right place yet. You must stand close to the fire, with your hands spread out, blinking your eyes. There, that is just exactly the way you stood on the very first night in that very same place, with all the dogs round you, and your face all bleeding and bruised, and your dirty little cap in your hand, and your dirty little smock-frock all over mud; and you looked such a poor little mite of a thing that I cried about you when I went upstairs, and was peevish with Anne because she wanted to go on with the silly play about the Esquimaux."

James Sugden stood for a few minutes looking into the fire, without answering. He had grown to be a very handsome upstanding young fellow indeed; with more than the usual share of physical beauty, and a remarkably clear resolute pair of eyes. There was also a dexterous rapid grace about all his movements, not generally observable in sixth form hobbledohoy youths. He still wore the uniform of St. Mary's, and was in age about seventeen.

For the first time he had been invited by the Squire to spend his Midsummer vacation at Silcotes, and join Algernon's children in their yearly holidays at their grandfather's grand house. He had hitherto spent all his vacations since the removal of the school in Lancaster Square; and the summer vacation had been very dull to him; for Dora and Reginald, with the younger ones, had always been at Silcotes. He had been condemned to drag on the burning long summer days alone with Algernon and Miss Lee, and had always longed intensely for the time to come to return to school. This year, however, Mr. Betts had written to him to say that he was to render himself at Silcotes by five o'clock on the twentieth of June without fail. So, committing his box to an intricate system of cross country carriers—each of whom was supposed to meet the other without fail at obscure villages, and remember a vast number of obscure directions—he had said good-bye to his old friend, Ben Berry, the porter, and, taking only an ordnance map and his sketch-book, had started from St. Mary's by the Lake early in the summer's morning, with his face set straight towards Silcotes. "Only two half-counties to walk through, before the afternoon, my Ben," he said on starting. "Not much that, hey! Not so bad as the journey down here."

A resolute young fellow enough. A Silcote could not have been more resolute. The glory of the day waned as he walked stoutly on, until he saw his familiar old Boisey in the hazy dim distance at noon. The distance was very hazy, and the air was very close and hot, yet he held on through a country utterly strange to him, choosing always, by that geographical genius which one sees in some men, but not in very many, the roads which would suit his purpose, and end somewhere; in preference to those, apparently as much traffic-worn as the others, which only delude one by leading to the parsonage house and the church. The course was north-east, and the great Alps of thunder-cloud, creeping up through the brown

haze, had met him and were overhead when, having crossed the infant Loddon at Wildmoor, and having delayed to pick, for Dora, a nosegay of the beautiful geums and orchises, which to him, coming from the heath-country, seemed so rare and so rich, he turned into the deep clay lanes towards the heath.

By this time every one was getting to shelter, and the thunder was loud. The landlord of a little roadside inn he passed urged him to stay, and not go aloft on the desolate open heath, where a man had been killed by the lightning not long before. But weather mattered little to the shepherd lad, and he pleasantly declined, saying, that "he had not time." The landlord looked curiously and admiringly after the swift-footed pleasant-looking young gentleman as he sprang up the steep ascent towards the thunder; but James never paused, although the storm came down fiercely now, and Boisey was hidden from him completely. In Bramshill Park, the lightning was leaping and blazing all around him, lighting up the dense cloud of rain in every direction, and once, with a snap and a roar, it shone in blue and white reflections from every window in the whole of the vast façade of the house, showing him that he was close to shelter. But the humour was on him now; he would walk on, though not altogether recklessly; the storm had settled down on the park, and was tearing and riving at that most beautiful spot, till it had exhausted its fury; even in his headlong humour he knew this, and kept away, as far as possible, from the trees. Before he had been long in the park he had received his caution on this head: a great oak loomed on him out of the rain, and he suddenly saw a bright spark in one of the forks of it; and before he could put his arm over his head, eight centuries' growth of timber was scattered around him among the fern and the heather. Yet, though he saw the figures of men about the stables beckoning him to stay for shelter, he held on. He had set it in his mind to be at Silcotes by five o'clock, and he held

to his resolution with steady good-humoured tenacity.

The next village and street was a stream of water as he passed through it; no soul was out of doors; and, as they saw him pass, they wondered whether he was penniless or desperate to walk in such weather. Had some of them known that he was bound for Silcotes, they would not have wondered at all: it would have merely been Hamlet going to England. By the time he had passed Bear Wood, he had succeeded in walking down the storm, and Boisey was close before him in the sunlight of a very practical and quiet summer's afternoon. The reckless fit passed when he found himself in decent and ordinary weather, and he began to bethink himself how he should look at his journey's end, and what the Squire would say of him in his present very untidy condition.

The uniform of St. Mary's, carefully developed by the theoretically-minded Arthur, and the really practically-minded Mr. Betts, was as well calculated to recover from the effects of weather as that of a French soldier. Yet, in his intense eagerness to see some bit of the old country again, to be again within the range of his earlier experiences, he begrudged even the time it took to dry his clothes, which he did at a riverside inn. He now got into the old country at last, and changed his pace suddenly; for, anxious as he was to get to the Silcotes' country, he was anything but anxious to meet the Squire.

He had come so fast, that even the drying of his clothes and the dawdling along by old familiar paths did not make him late. Every hedgerow was familiar to him, and such an incident as the mending of a stile, or the filling up of some time-honoured gap, was of strange importance, and tempted him to delay; but, nevertheless, as the turret clock struck five, he peered through the open door into the dark and empty hall.

Empty but for one figure. Silcote himself was seated before a wood fire

in the great cavernous fireplace, and which was never without fire, summer or winter. Hearing a footstep on the threshold, the Squire rose, turned, and looked steadily at him for one moment.

He was not changed. There was the same sturdy, strong figure, and the same grizzled hair, so familiar to James from his childhood. It was the same old "Dark" Squire who advanced towards the young man as he stood, hesitating and modest, in the porch; but there was a look about that Squire which James had never seen before in his cursory observations of his face. Something had gone very wrong with the Squire this morning. Things generally did go wrong with him, but the effect generally was mere petulance and ill-temper. On this occasion the Squire came forward with his head bowed down, and an expression of grief and terror on his face. James thought he was coming to speak to him; but, to his great astonishment and alarm, Silcote passed him steadily, waving him on one side with his hand, and then stood in the porch beside him, but looking away from him, and said,—

"It is of no use. I will not recall what I have done. You have had chance after chance, and you have turned persistently to evil. Even if God pleases to deal with me as heavily as He threatens, it will not benefit you. When all is done, I may fall back on another beside you. You have no right here; this is one of the innumerable theatrical follies of my sister. You have had my answer once, and, even in this deep affliction, I have all my own obstinacy about me. The house is at your disposal, but I am not accessible. The Princess and you have arranged this between you. Pray carry out your arrangements in my house to the utmost. I wash my hands of the whole matter. I only caution you of the extreme danger of your presence here, and assure you that I will do nothing whatever to stay the course of justice."

It was evident to James that the Squire had driven himself mad at last, as his mother always said he would.

No. 85.—VOL. XV.

Thinking it best on the whole, however, to justify himself, even to a madman, he turned to Silcote, as he was passing on, and said humbly enough,—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it was by your own orders that I came here."

Silcote turned, and looked on him again. At first he was confused for a moment, but recovered himself very quickly. "My boy," he said, "you must be young Sugden. To be sure. You were to be here by five, and are punctual. That is good. I have had afflictions, my boy," he continued, drawing near to him, attracted by his bright, honest look, and evidently glad to explain himself to any one. "I have had great afflictions through all my life, and the heaviest has come this morning. They confuse me at times, these afflictions of mine, and I took you for some one else. Be a good son to your mother, boy, for she is a good woman. God is hard on bad sons and bad fathers; the Syrians were right there. As for you, I hear nothing but good of you; all kinds of good from every one. You will die young, but that is no matter; the good ones always die young,—Cleobis you know. Make yourself happy here: hear but a word in private. Hold your tongue about what you heard me say just now. Let it be a secret between us, boy. Dora is in there; go in and find her. Don't fall in love with Anne, mind; she is too much of a Silcote: choose Dora. Go in and keep our secret. Not a word to any soul, or it will come round to Arthur at last; he gets hold of all our secrets in time."

James felt a little more dazed than he was in the height of the thunder-storm in Bramshill Park. Here was a curious reception after a curious head-long journey. The first average and commonplace incident which befell him during that somewhat remarkable day was his meeting with Dora in the hall. She was commonplace enough, as she always was, for she at once made him stand before the smouldering fire, and spoke to him the words which stand at the beginning of this very chapter.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE MAN IN THE MACKINTOSH.

"AND I," said Dora, "consider that you have improved since that time, immensely, both physically and morally. Other people, as for instance my aunt, may hold the opinion that you are in danger of becoming a very shallow young spark. Miss Lee, whose opinions, more particularly when directed and inspired by my uncle Arthur, I am bound to respect, may be of opinion that we are both getting too old to continue our former intimacy. I am not here, however, to combat other people's opinions, so much as to express my own. And to tell you the honest and plain truth, James Sugden, I have watched you pretty closely for some years, and I think you will do."

"And you will do in time," said James; "that is, if you will think before you speak, and when you have made a mistake think again and mend it. Which you don't do now, you know. There, that is flippant enough to suit the Princess. Now, let us be comfortable. How are you, and what's the news?"

"I am very well, and I may have some news, or I may not."

"I have had an astonishment, to-day," said James.

"So have I."

"Are you going to trump my trick, as usual?" said James.

Said Dora, "I can't tell till you have played your card."

And then James remembered that he was bound by all rules of honour not to say a word of what had passed between him and the Squire, and so he told her that he could not play his trump.

"Then any small card will do for the trick," said Dora. "I have been utterly astonished at the size and colouring of my grandfather's quilled German asters. Now."

"There is something more than that, Dora, I know."

"I suppose you do, unless you are a to play the great

game of astonishment, you shall not hold all the trumps in your own hand."

"I can't play my trump, Dora. I can't tell you what I have heard in the last twenty minutes. Answer me this. Is there anything wrong in the house?"

"You give up the game?"

"Entirely."

"Well, then, I will tell you; and I am very glad we are alone together. I fear there is something very wrong indeed. There has been a long interview between Arthur and his father in the library. Uncle Arthur came out first, looking as pale as a ghost, a deal more like death than life, James, I assure you; and, after a time, grandpapa came out crying,—ay, he did, and sat there before the fire with his head in his hands for I don't know how long."

"Why, I saw him sitting so myself," said James.

"Did you?" said Dora. "Well, that is an important and valuable fact, supposing any one had the audacity to question my statement. At present we can keep it in reserve. The question is, what is the matter?"

"I wonder what it is," said James.

"I suppose you do, unless you have determined to give up wondering for the rest of your life. I wonder. Any gaby can wonder."

"After all, you know," replied James, "you haven't any right to wonder, because it is no possible business of yours. And you have no right to catch me up so short. I dare say you think that sort of thing very fine, but I don't. I don't approve of it. You are fond of doing it to me when we are alone, but you know you never dare do it before company, for fear of my picking you up. I thought you were going to be comfortable. If this is what you mean, you had better be uncomfortable."

"I am uncomfortable," said poor Dora, stamping her foot, and beginning to cry. "I meant to be so nice to you, and I am so very fond of you—"

As this is an eminently unsentimental story, I will omit what passed before James and Dora were standing looking



out of the window together, perfectly "comfortable." "Paul and Virginia" is not out of print surely, though I have not seen it lately.

But though Dora was "comfortable" enough with James, she was far from being good company; at least to any one but him. Every thing was going wrong, it appeared, at Lancaster Square (she said that things in general were all mops and brooms, an expression which we are forced to trace to Miss Lee in her earlier form of development); grandpa Betts was always here now (meaning at Silcotes); and poor pa had not a sound head left in the house to guide him except hers. There was only one pupil left now, young Dempster, who had only stayed on to propose to her, and had got *his* answer. There were no new pupils coming. The weekly bills were all in arrear, and likely to be, for her father had declared for ritualism, and the pews would all of them be empty in three months. It was a sudden resolution. He had been brooding over the matter for a long time; but after his recent visit to Oxford, he had decided, and declared that nothing would move him now. If grandpa Betts had been by his side, he could have made the thing more palatable to the parishioners; he always warned pa to let them down to it very easy; but then he was here, concocting business of some sort with grandpa Silcote, and so what was the use of talking? Algernon's health was worse than ever, and he had to swallow a king's ransom in cardamums and gentian, and, though the doctor might wait for his money, the grocer certainly would not. Then she passed to Miss Lee. Passed to Miss Lee, and stopped. "I cannot speak of her. If I dared tell her that she was neglecting the duties nearest to her, she would only say that she is fulfilling higher ones. I wish she could find time for both. But she can't, and she is a good woman. Believe in Miss Lee, will you, James?"

"The last saint in the calendar; certainly," said the public school boy. "About the Princess, for instance. From a great variety of hints I have received—

or, to be perfectly truthful, from a vast number of conversations I have heard, as an unappreciated and unnoticed fourth party in your father's house, between your father, Arthur, and the banished prince Thomas—I have formed the conclusion that she is at the bottom of every piece of mischief which happens in this house. How does she stand affected in the present instance? Here we have all things going wrong, both at my old home in Lancaster Square and at this new home here at Silcotes. A woman is at the bottom of it, you know. Tell me about *her* movements, and I will form my judgment."

"Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair," replied Dora at once; "you are talking Vanity Fair, my lord. The book that makes every schoolboy who has read it believe that he is a man of the world. Bless you, I read that book, and thought it was the key to the world. But Miss Lee and Aunt Mary have cured me of that. Don't talk Vanity Fair. Be a boy."

"And don't you give me your father's remarks on that book at second-hand. Come now."

"I think we had better have no more of this crude babble," said Dora.

"And there spoke your uncle Arthur," said James.

"Well, here come Reginald and Anne," said Dora. "My dear James, we shall never do Beatrix and Benedict. We have not the art. Let us be friends."

There entered now a pale, delicate, but very amiable-looking boy, a boy say seventeen, and with him a very beautiful girl, of nearly the same age. The pair were utterly indescribable, simply because there was nothing to describe as yet.

They were merely a well-looking enough boy and girl, but in no degree remarkable as yet in outward appearance. To the shrewder, and younger, or rather more slowly-developed pair who watched their entrance, there was something observable: they had been quarrelling, and were not on speaking terms with one another. James and Dora "sparred" continually; but never quar-

relled. Reginald and Anne, who always paired off together, seldom or never "sparred," but spent their time between strongly ostentatious bursts of affection and long periods of sulks. They were sulking at one another now, in a more than ordinary way; and Dora was so fully aware of this fact, and followed her kindly instinct so far, as to go across to James, lightly pass her hand over his hair, and lay her hand on his shoulder. James, in the most accidental manner, managed to turn his head and touch that hand unseen, and so was enlisted on the side of the peacemaker.

"I have come through such an awful storm," he said, as soon as the usual greetings were given and exchanged, though without moving, for fear of Dora's hand going from his shoulder. "Thunder, and lightning, and rain, beyond belief. But I had some one to see at the journey's end, and I never flinched, Dora."

"You were afraid of grandpa's being angry if you were after your time, and you were more afraid of him than of the thunder."

"Well, there is something in that," said James, throwing back his head, and looking up in her face laughing, "though it may not have been pretty to say so. I knew there was a Silcote, male or female, young or old, at the end of the journey; and that I was pretty sure to get my nose snapped off somehow. Reggy, old man, it was lucky for you that you came on two days before me, you would have got drenched. There has been no storm here."

There seems to be an Avenger who waits on the heels of good-natured people who try to solve (in a chemical sense), or water away, a quarrel by commonplace. When I say an Avenger, I don't in the least mean your Nemesis. Your Nemesis acts on settled law, principle, and logic, through long periods of time; sometimes so long, that a matter of exactly eight centuries will go by without a sign of her. She belongs to the atmosphere of tragedy, with which we have nothing to do. The ordinary Social Avenger holds the same relation to her

as Mrs. Sherwood's Inbred Sin (the only agreeable character in the "Infant Pilgrims") holds to Milton's Satan. Your Nemesis is deliberative and inexorably just; your Avenger is sudden and eminently unjust; acting, for instance, in this case, only on the very vague basis that you have no business to talk commonplace on any grounds whatever. The Avenger came swiftly down on James, and gave it to him. The thunder-storm was the very point on which Reginald and Anne had been quarrelling.

"I am glad to find myself confirmed," said Anne, from the window in which she was sulking. "There has been no thunderstorm here; and there will be none. And he has hurried me home here, from where we were comfortably by the river, watching the fish, because he said there would be thunder directly. He would not have his health if he did not have his own way."

A tremendous crash of thunder among the beech woods close by only made matters worse. Reginald was right, which was profoundly exasperating; and, what was more, took every opportunity of reminding her of it, in the pause between each blaze of lightning and each rattle of thunder, till his voice sounded like a response in some terrible litany. The quarrel was not mended that night.

But the hours, and the bells which announced the hours, were as inexorable at Silcotes as at any Trappist monastery. In spite of a wild imbroglia of weather outside, the dressing-bell rang its defiance to the thunder, and they went to dress. Then the dinner bell rang, and they came one by one into the blue drawing-room, bluer than ever with the continual flashes of lightning; and were marshalled solemnly by the butler into the long oak dining-room; where these four young people were set solemnly down to their soup, in a thunderstorm, with a butler in black, and four footmen in crimson plush breeches to wait on them.

Ridiculous enough! The youngest footman was the most intimate and bosom friend of James in the old days, and James was dying to compare notes with



him ; but there was an awful gulf between them now. They had been school-mates, and had been shepherd-boys for neighbouring farmers, and many times had surreptitiously driven their sheep close together at the risk of their mixing, at the risk of a terrible beating, that they might while away together some few of the hours of a winter's day by the interchange of such human thought as was working in their dull little brains. But the tall young footman took no notice of the handsome young scholar, beyond insisting, in spite of a martinet butler, on waiting on him, and on him solely, and plying him with every kind of sauce, the wine not as yet being within his jurisdiction.

In the midst of this very awful dinner, the Princess, now seen for the first time, swept in solemnly, and took her place at the head of the table. It had pleased her, for purposes of her own, to dress herself like Mary Queen of Scots, and she sat there and presided at the table, with her jewels and lace lit up every moment by the lightning, looking as theatrical as she could possibly have wished herself. In general she was very cheerful and playful with the children, but something had happened in the house that morning, and she was determined to make the most of it. She greeted them all courteously, but scarcely spoke, and left them again as soon as the dessert was on the table. Of the Squire or of Arthur there was no sign.

The young people got free soon after this, and James's first movement was to catch his quondam friend, the youngest footman. Time was short, as it might please the Squire to come down for coffee, and he dreaded offending him. "George, old fellow !" he said, catching him in a passage, "what is wrong in the house ? Do tell me."

"It's Mr. Arthur," said the young man hurriedly. "He has been having fits, and kept it to himself. But he can't live three months. That is what is the matter."

The storm swept by, and left a steady down-pouring rain. Reginald and Anne had gone away to different

parts of the house, with their childish quarrel still festering between them, and Dora and James sat together before the wood fire in the great hall, alone and almost silent, complacent in one another's company, comparing notes and exchanging opinions on the past and future.

The whole of the house was nearly silent ; there was only to be heard the whisper of the now distant thunder, and in distant offices the deadened sounds of the great domestic life which it pleased the Squire, in his useless ostentation, to keep around him. A footman had come in and brought a tray with wine and water. The butler had come in a long time after, and having looked around him, had disappeared again like a black respectable ghost, who wished to assure himself that the other ghosts in that great hall were conducting themselves properly, and not annoying his master's guests before the proper hour of night. James had not told Dora anything about her uncle Arthur ; they had arranged to be "comfortable" together, and were carrying out their intention, with the example of Reginald and Anne before them, by saying the first thing which came into either of their heads, and not contradicting one another (which is the true base of the art of conversation), when night suddenly became hideous. I think, when we were first introduced to the *Silcote menage*, there were about a dozen bloodhounds. Since then the breed had become valuable, and Mr. George had paid considerable sums of money for several of them. The Squire never objected to the turning of an honest penny, and had kept up the breed, so that there now were some twenty of them, and they all began barking and baying at once.

James and Dora had hardly time to say, "Somebody coming," when a step was heard at the hall-door, close opposite to them, and the man who trod that footstep, whether frightened by the horrible noise of the dogs, which he had every reason to believe loose, or anxious to get out of the rain, or unable to find the bell, began rattling at the door with all his might. James, with a certain terror

of the dogs in his own mind, solved the difficulty by walking across the hall, and letting him in.

The man he admitted at once walked half-way across the hall before he spoke. Then turning to James he said, "Young gentleman, I guess from your uniform that you are in the navy. Sea-going is notoriously good for the nerves, as Trafalgar shows. But even at Trafalgar there was no talk of Lord Nelson being eaten alive by bull terriers. Consequently I hope you and this young lady will excuse my abrupt entrance. I wish you a good evening, miss, and all good fortune."

He was a lean, sallow, black-whiskered man of a doubtful age. He stood before them dressed in mackintosh, dripping, and they wondered with a very great wonder who he could be.

"You need not be afraid of the dogs, sir," said James; "Mr. Silcote generally keeps them tied up. And there has been no accident with them for above a week. Did you want Mr. Silcote?"

"No," said the man in mackintosh; "unless I am mistaken, I want to speak with this young lady by the fire. Miss Lee, I believe?"

"No," said Dora, rising; "I am not Miss Lee. I am Miss Silcote. Miss Lee is my governess."

"Is not Miss Lee here, then, miss?"

"No," said Dora; "she is not here. She is at my father's house in Lancaster Square."

The man in mackintosh actually swore in the presence of Dora, but apologized for it immediately afterwards. "That is your private inquiry office business, miss, all over. They can't be employed to trace Miss Lee for us, but what they must trace her forty mile too far, and put our people to ten pounds extra expense, if that mattered. By the by," he added, turning to James, "now we are on the spot it may be worth while. Do you know these parts, sir?"

"Pretty well," said James.

"What is the name of that village I came through just now, outside the park gates?"

"Beechwood," said James.

"You don't know the name of Sugden in connexion with these parts, do you?" said he in the mackintosh.

"My name is Sugden," said James; "and I was born and bred there."

"Thank you," said the stranger; "and Miss Lee, you say, miss, has not come to spend her holiday here with your grandpa, but is at Lancaster Square? Thank you very much, miss. I am sure I hope you will excuse the mistake of addressing a young lady as the young lady's governess, but Miss Lee was described to me as being of remarkable personal attractions, and so the mistake was perfectly natural. Mr. Sugden, if you are not too nervous to see me out of the avenue, or if any of Mr. Silcote's people had such a thing as a lantern, I should feel more comfortable about getting back to my fly at the lodge. The driver remarked that the Squire objected to hired vehicles in his grounds, and, on remonstrance, said he would see *himself* further before he'd go a yard further. You will come with me there? Thank you."

James went with him to the lodge. The man was profoundly respectful to him during their short walk, and on getting into his fly, said,—

"Present instructions are binding, sir. I am not going beyond them when I ask you to present my respectful compliments to your mother. George Thompson is the name, sir. I wish you a very good night."

And so he drove off. And James, returning, found that Dora was gone to bed, and that the only occupant of the hall was the Princess of Castelnovo, as Mary Queen of Scots, who was standing before the fire with a bed-room candlestick, in an attitude.

"There has been a man here, boy?" she demanded of him.

"Yes, my lady."

"German?"

"No, my lady."

"Italian, then? Do not prevaricate."

"I am not prevaricating, my lady. The man was an Englishman."

*To be continued.*

## THE LATE DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

BY J. BRUCE THOMSON.

IN *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, published in 1819, Lockhart wrote, "For the first time is Scotland now possessed of admirable landscape painters." At the time when this remark was penned, there was in the city of Edinburgh an obscure journeyman house-painter, training himself for one of the highest walks of the art of which Lockhart spoke. This was David Roberts.

We lately visited the house in which Roberts was born, on the 24th October, in Church Lane, Stockbridge, then a suburb of Edinburgh, but now absorbed in the city. This house consisted of two rooms, "a butt and a ben," as they say in Scotland. Roberts's parents were poor, but honest and industrious. His father was a shoemaker, and his mother eked out a scanty livelihood as a laundress. Old Mr. Roberts was a native of Forfar, and his wife was a native of St. Andrews. They both professed to be come "o' guid kith and kin." Roberts's affection for both and care for their comfort were unceasing. In the autumn of 1858, he and his friend Clarkson Stanfield visited St. Andrews, the birth-place of the mother, and explored the ruins of that hoary and grass-covered town. In a letter before me, of date 10th December, 1858, I find Roberts writing:—"I do not know how it got into the papers, but it is likely that Stanfield and I will paint the auld ruins in a joint picture. As you say, my mother, poor woman, would have been proud to see this." In others of his letters there are similar expressions, showing the strength of his filial attachment. While his parents lived, it was his pride to keep them independent of labour, and to cheer their declining years by acts of consideration and kindness; and there is a stone erected by him to

their memory, in the Old Calton burying ground, Edinburgh, testifying to their worth and his gratitude.

The education of young Roberts must have been very irregular. His own testimony, indeed, given at a public assembly in Edinburgh, when he was honoured by his fellow-citizens with the freedom of the city, was that he had "enjoyed the proud birth-right of every Scotchman, a good education." In a sense this must have been true, and not in the sense only of virtuous home-training, but even in that of rather good schooling. In his earlier letters there are defects of a literary kind, but the handwriting is always elegant and tasteful. In short, what we have heard of the early endeavours and privations of this "hardy Stockbrig laddie," as he called himself, would lead to the belief that his own efforts must to a great extent have aided his teaching by any schoolmaster.

Roberts's bent revealed itself very early. His mother had to complain of the embryo artist for abusing floors and walls with chalks and burnt "spunks," especially in the mornings. When a mere child he used to admire a certain Gothic window in Stockbridge. In order to make a proper sketch of this window, he chose one day to get over the wall of the garden into which it looked. It was Sunday morning, and, when the youngster was busy at his sketch, he was surprised by the proprietor, who came out upon him. While mounting the garden-wall to make his escape, the little fellow found himself caught by the foot, and in the hands of a Philistine. "You little rascal, how dare you come here? What have you been after? plundering my garden, no doubt, and on a Sabbath, too, when you should have been better employed!"

"No, I wasna stealing naething!"

"What was ye doing then?"

"I was making a picture o' yon window;" and, pulling a piece of crumpled paper out of his pocket, he presented his artistic effort.

The old gentleman relaxed his severity, and looked at the picture and at the boy alternately. At length his face radiated with a smile, and, patronisingly patting the boy's head, he said, "Ay, ay, it's gey well for a callant like you, my wee mannie; gang your ways, and come back the morn, or only day ye like, and draw the window. But dinna come on the Lord's-day, and dinna climb the wa's, but come in by the garden-yett yonder."

The amiable and patronising old gentleman was Henry Raeburn, R.A., afterwards Sir Henry Raeburn, knighted by George IV. in 1822 as the representative of the Fine Arts in Scotland. The window looking into the garden was the window of his studio. The contact of the veteran portrait-painter with his younger brother in the craft is so interesting that one would have liked something more to come of it. Raeburn died in July, 1823.

At a very early age, probably before he was eleven years old, Roberts was apprenticed to a house-painter. It is said that this arrangement was effected through the kind agency of a neighbour, to whom Roberts's gratitude was shown in after life by a gratuity sent to him regularly in private—continued, too, by bequest, after the artist's death. Beugo, Register Street, Edinburgh, was the master to whom he was apprenticed. At that time Scotland was efflorescing in artistic talent, and Beugo and Coulson in particular were taking the lead in a high order of decorative house-painting.

Much encouragement was held out to young artists in this line, and from these workshops came Ewbank, Fenwick, and others more or less distinguished in it. A fellow-apprentice of Roberts was D. R. Hay, whose dedication of his life to the "decorative art" was determined mainly by the advice of Sir Walter Scott. Hay and Roberts were

great chums. They used to ramble about sketching in their leisure hours, and even at this time Roberts's sketches were correct and beautiful. They were illustrative chiefly of picturesque nooks, cottages, castles, churches, &c., around his own romantic town. Many years after, Roberts, in his visits to Edinburgh, would recall with interest the associations formed at this time. He used to point out a house known to him in his boyhood as "Botany Bay"—i.e. the place of banishment and hard labour where, apart from the other workmen, he had to grind colours.

The first express training of Roberts was in the school of the Trustees' Academy—now famous as the place where Sir David Wilkie, Alex. Frazer, Sir William Allan, Sir John Watson Gordon, Geo. Harvey, Thomas Duncan, and many other Scottish artists had their earliest lessons. Mr. John Graham was then superintendent of the school. He is remembered gratefully yet for the interest he took in helping forward many of his most gifted pupils.

In 1816, when Roberts was twenty years of age, and his apprenticeship was just over, we find him in the Fair City of Perth, seeking employment as a journeyman house-painter. Here he was employed by Mr. Conway, a London painter, engaged in decorating the Palace of Scone. He was also in the employment of Mr. Duncan Irvine, of Perth. A fellow-workman of his during the years 1816 and 1817 tells us that even at that time Roberts stood out among his comrades for the taste and style of his work. He was always fixed upon to do the finer and more ornamental part of anything in progress. There was one house in particular that attracted much notice for its superior decoration—that of Mr. Morrison, the local antiquary, who furnished Walter Scott with much of the legendary lore for "The Fair Maid of Perth." Young Roberts was employed on it, and, notwithstanding some jealousy at first, all his older fellow-workmen at last admitted, as one of them told me, "that the young chap took the wind out of all their sails." His per-

sonnel was then good and rather striking—stature about five feet six inches, complexion fair and bright, hair dark-brown, carriage brisk, manners gentle, sociable, and agreeable. He dressed showily—his cap or hat set jauntily over his head—and he walked with a free consequential air, so that his companions called him the “Don.” (In after life, we know, he had a ruddy hue and solid form, and stood to Edwin Landseer as the model of the farmer in “The Dialogue at Waterloo.”) In the Fair City his conduct was marked by habits of temperance not common to his associates; yet he was by no means unsocial. “A favourite has no friends;” yet Roberts was generally liked, and formed enduring attachments. He went to a dancing-school, and decorated the walls of the school with water-colour pictures. On holidays, instead of strolling about, he went to his lodgings to study: architectural drawings were then his great hobby. He became a freemason in the Scone and Perth Lodge, and was a great favourite among the “brothers.” He sang a good song, and distinguished the lodge by painting for it beautiful masonic aprons. Altogether, the reminiscences of Roberts’s humbler days as a house-painter in Perth are creditable and pleasant.

The foregoing notes have been gathered chiefly from an old friend and fellow-workman of Roberts, Mr. M'Lachlan, now a house-painter in the Fair City. In one of Roberts’s letters to Mr. M'Lachlan, dated “Stockbridge, 16th December, 1817,” he says:—“Write me what they intend doing with the old church [the ancient cathedral church of St. Johnstoun]; if they intend pulling it all down together, and if they are to rebuild it. I am vexed at not having a drawing of it; but it is yet so fresh in my recollection that I think I could draw it without a copy.” Not long after the date of this letter, which shows his early passion for the Gothic, he met a Perth friend, and deplored almost with tears the destruction of the Gothic screen betwixt Hackerstone’s Tower

and the spire of the old church of St. John’s. Many Perth citizens must remember this part of the ruins—now, alas! gone, with many other relics of the past.

Roberts retained to the last affectionate recollections of his spring-time of life in the Fair City. In one letter dated “Fitzroy Street, 31st December, 1858,” he says:—

“I dare say you will find Perth very different from what it was when we first knew it; and, with the exception of Sandy, scarce one whom I knew remains. I sometimes think of our old cronies at the Howgate School, and the lassie Leezie S— whom Harry called Splits, and Bell M—, and of dancing a cotillon with the kye on the South Inch. Well, let us hope the present generation is wiser and not worse than we were forty years bygone.”

Again, writing to another correspondent, in March, 1861, he says—

“When you have an hour to spare, I wish you would write me what you are doing, what family you have, and how the world has used you on the whole. Tell me if there is anything in which I might be useful to you. Fancy we are the same as when we both attended the Huggar dancing-school, or paraded along the Brig o’ Perth, after the kirk skailed, to sport our tartan neckties to the envy and astonishment of the bonniest lasses of the Fair Town. Alas! we may exclaim in the words of Captain Morris—

‘For many a lad I loved is dead;  
And many a lass grown old.’

Still my remembrances of St. John’s Town bring back delightful recollections. So give me all your cracks.”

In 1818, we find Roberts in Edinburgh, employed as an assistant scene-painter at the Pantheon Theatre, under Mr. Dearlove. In 1819 he went to Glasgow as principal scene-painter in the Theatre Royal, of which Mr. Mason was manager. In Glasgow he married a Miss M'Lachlan, by whom he had only one daughter, now wife of Henry Bucknell, Esq., a London merchant. During 1820 and 1821 Roberts was again in Edinburgh, and some fine scenes he then painted for Mr. Murray, of the Theatre Royal, are well remembered. Roberts had succeeded Mr. Clarkson Stanfield at this theatre. His wages were 2*l.* per week; but he was

ambitious of following Stanfield to London, whither accordingly he soon did follow him.

Arrived in London, Roberts called at Drury Lane Theatre, then under the management of the famous Mr. Elliston, and offered his services as a scene-painter. In order to test the candidate's talents, we are told, an array of French chalks was placed before him; but he preferred a bit of common chalk, which he generally used, and surprised all present by the rapidity of his execution. "What wages would you propose?" said the manager. Roberts, having marked the satisfaction and surprise caused by his efforts, ventured to inquire, "Would you think 1*l.* per day too much?" and, so saying, turned away his face, to hide the suffusion caused by asking so much. The manager, it seems, was no less surprised by the modest demand, than the young artist was at his own assurance. An engagement was made for three years.

Having settled in London as *collaborateur* with his friend Stanfield in scene-painting for Drury Lane, Roberts found himself soon a man of public mark. In 1824 he exhibited in the collection of the British Exhibition in London. In 1825 he sought on the Continent for new and higher subjects for his pencil—the cathedral of Rouen and Old St. Germain's at Amiens. His first picture exhibited at the Royal Academy was his view of Rouen Cathedral in 1826. "Here 'is a man we must have our eye 'upon,'" said Turner to Sir William Allan on this occasion—a compliment which Roberts valued all his life as one of the highest ever paid him. In 1827 he threw scene-painting aside, and devoted himself wholly to architectural pictures. In 1832 he produced his fine illustrations of Bulwer's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*,—a book indeed written to "illustrate" the illustrations. In 1832-3, by Sir David Wilkie's advice, he went to Spain. He visited Gibraltar, Cadiz, Madrid, Seville, Malaga, and other places of historic fame, and returned with sketches which

furnished many views to the landscape annals of the time, besides a separate folio volume of lithographs. He transferred many of these to stone with his own hand. What brought his reputation to its height was his memorable journey to Syria and Egypt. He was absent for about eighteen months, and the immediate result on his return was the publication (1842) of the splendid illustrated work in four volumes large folio, entitled, *The Holy Land, Syria, Idumea, Arabia, Egypt, and Nubia*. There had been no such illustrated work before in any European country, and it became known, and made Roberts's name known, over the Continent as well as in Britain. Meantime, he had attained the highest formal honours of his profession. Originally he had belonged to the Society of British Artists—of which institution he had become vice-president; but the Royal Academy had marked him out for its own. In 1839 he was elected Associate, and in 1841 he was made full Academician.

From 1842 onwards the industry of Roberts and his extraordinary devotion to his profession were attested by a wonderful succession of works year after year—many of them paintings of subjects he had collected in his Eastern tour, and others paintings from older recollections, or of subjects newly suggested. It was the thought of the astonishing number and variety of these works, and of their peculiar nature as records of travel and observation in different parts of the earth, that led Thackeray to pay this eloquent tribute to Roberts:—"Our painters share the spirit of enterprise along with the rest of our people; and Mr. Roberts has visited at least three of the quarters of the globe, and brought away likenesses of these cities and peoples in his portfolio. He travelled for years in Spain; he set up his tent in the Syrian desert; he has sketched the spires of Antwerp, the peaks of Lebanon, the rocks of the Calton Hill, the towers and castles that rise by the Rhine, the airy Cairo minarets, the solemn pyramids and the vast Theban



"columns, and the huts under the date-trees along the banks of the Nile. Can any calling be more pleasant than that of such an artist? The life is at once thoughtful and adventurous; gives infinite variety and excitement, and constant opportunity for reflection. As one looks at the multifarious works of this brave and hardy painter, whose hand is the perfect and accomplished slave of his intellect, and ready, like a genius in an Eastern tale, to execute the most wonderful feats and beautiful works with the most extraordinary rapidity, any man who loves nature must envy the lucky mortal whose lot it is to enjoy it in such a way."

Thackeray and Roberts were fast friends when this tribute was written, members of the same London club, and much together. Thackeray, though the younger man, was the first taken away. Roberts survived him less than a year—dying on the 25th of November, 1864, ripe in honours, and affectionately regretted by an unusually large circle of friends.

Our concern in this paper being less with the public career of Roberts as a painter than with his earlier and more private life, and the fidelity of his later character to its first beginnings, we shall conclude the paper best by one or two extracts from letters of his at our disposal. These letters—written to a widowed sister of his, to whom his kindness was as constant as it had been to his parents while they lived—are chiefly private, and the subjects often such that a stranger has no right to meddle with them. But to read them has been a pleasant task, and not a single line or thought has been found in them which one would wish away. The kindly nature displayed in them is such as makes us love the man who wrote them, and they contain touches which those who knew Roberts will recognise as characteristic.

"LONDON, April 9, 1858.

"... What makes these atrocious failures the more loathsome is that the perpetrators are sometimes men who put on a long

face, and go to church in the most sanctified and becoming manner, after robbing the widow and the orphan and sending hundreds to ruin—no one to point the finger of scorn at such hypocrites. But, although they escape the just punishment they deserve here, if they believe the twentieth part of what they profess, they must expect a *little taste* in the next world. Well, we must forgive, as we pray for forgiveness. But it is a pity these fellows could not be compelled to wear such a dress as would separate them from other men—at least, that honest men might know when to avoid such scoundrels in the kirk as in the street . . ."

"LONDON, April 10, 1858.

"I had a letter from your friend the portrait-painter. I fear he must take his chance, as I am not on the Council, and of course know nothing of what is doing. All the Scottish artists have sent this year, and I fear some look to me; but they must do as I have done before them—take their stand on their works. The Edinburgh men have a standard of excellence peculiarly their own, which they cry up as everything that's right. They talk about it and write about it, but *buy* it they will not. Now, in London, our standard is the price it will bring in the market. We do not trust to Art Associations or Art Unions to buy our works. An artist's standing is regulated by the demand there is for his works, and the opinion of him entertained by his brethren, which in some measure guides the former. Now, our Edinburgh luminaries must, when they send here, submit to the same standard; if right, they will take their place accordingly; if not, they will be passed by. Either way, they may rely upon Englishmen doing what is just and right, without caring whom they may please or displease. . . ."

"LONDON, Jan. 23, 1859.

"I asked you in yesterday's about ——— and what I should do for him. Now, through life, you know, I have endeavoured to do what good might be in my power to others. If the Almighty has blest me with means, these are not alone for myself, but to help others who have been less fortunate. I have not always (indeed very rarely) found anything like gratitude in return, but the contrary. Still, our duty is to do good, for, if others abuse it, they are answerable, and not we. Having inquired into ———'s character, I have sent him the sum of ——— to help him to set up a shop. In the meantime I have the satisfaction of having endeavoured to do good, and shall sleep all the sounder with the consolation of having done this, whether the kindness is abused or no. . . ."

"LONDON, July 30, 1859.

"Enclosed I send ———, and will send you more if you want it. Only let me know. . . . I am sure the Clyde, where you are, must be



very brilliant in this weather. . . . I have not even thought of going anywhere, as I am quite contented to let well alone, and stay where I am. But, by and by, everybody will be leaving London, and then we must be in the fashion, and not be seen even in the streets, for fear of losing caste. But, as I am quite independent of all that sort of thing, I will please myself in this as in most other things. . . ."

"ALMA HOTEL, EDINBURGH,  
"Aug. 31, 1859.

"... I arrived here last night at nine o'clock all well, and this morning I feel as I

ought to do in Scotland. Yesterday was squally and rainy; so we were obliged to keep the windows of the carriage up; but, when we came to a station, and I read '*Gretna Green*,' down went the window, and I breathed freer, knowing myself to be in Scotland. . . ."

We look forward with interest to the announced Life of Roberts, by one who knew him well, and is otherwise unusually qualified to be his biographer—Mr. James Ballantine, of Edinburgh.

## THE SOUTH OF FRANCE IN WINTER.

BY W. F. RAE.

### PART I.

EVEN those who are oppressed with too much leisure would hesitate to seek variety in change of scene by starting in the month of January for a tour on the Continent. There is a special inducement to go forth in the spring-time, for Nature is then charming in her new robe of fresh and tender green. In summer, to move about from place to place is considered by many to be a social duty, and which they discharge with reluctance. During that second and far more enjoyable summer which is named autumn, there are few who do not regard travelling, either at home or abroad, as a delight. Being forced by circumstances to break through the regular order of life, and travel at a time when innkeepers are unprepared to welcome guests, I had as a compensation the pleasure of beholding several places under an aspect alike novel and curious. These places are visited in summer by the passing tourist, and in winter are the chosen abodes of invalids. They are to be found in our own island and elsewhere; but in no country are they so numerous and varied in character as in France. Some are situated on the shore of the tideless Mediterranean, some within sound of the surging

Atlantic, and others within sight of the snow-clad Pyrenees. The invalid who has wintered in any one of them, is either enraptured, or disgusted with it. If his health be improved, the place gets all the credit; if he be feebler, it gets all the blame. Whatever be the result, his impressions are certain to be exaggerated. Hence the contradictory stories told by different persons about the same place. Should the account which I am about to give differ from any other, it will be attributable to the absence in my case of the usual reasons for writing in a strain of excessive eulogy, or unfair carping.

### I.

At any season of the year, Paris falls rather short of being a second Paradise. In winter, however, the visitor who has left gloomy London behind him is apt to fancy that the French metropolis is the finest of earthly places of abode. He will often find there, it is true, that fog which French assert is an exclusively English product: he will sometimes shiver with cold, and be drenched with rain, as at home. On the other hand, he will be able to see the sun at least weekly, and enjoy many of those exquisite days, when the sky is bright and the air

buoyant, which in London are as exceptional as Christmas. Journeying southward, by the Paris and Lyons railway, the contrast, between the land he has left and that in which he is, becomes still more marked. At no other time is the south of France more attractive in appearance. In summer, the tourist finds it to be the reverse of what he desires. He is blinded by the glare of the sun, half stifled by the dust-laden air, and disappointed with the view of a soil resembling burnt bricks, and of plants withered for lack of rain. In winter, on the contrary, the sun shines with a brilliancy which is not dazzling, the air is either tempered by the moisture with which it is saturated, or is dry and exhilarating, and the fields are tinted with the delicate green of sprouting herbage.

When half the journey between Paris and Marseilles is over, two kinds of trees diversify the landscape,—the mulberry and the olive. At this season, the former is leafless and the latter heavy with foliage. It is not till Avignon is reached that olive-trees are to be seen in large numbers, but even there they are huge shrubs rather than stately trees. Avignon is usually a temporary resting-place for the traveller: although the climate is milder here than at home, yet it is too rigorous to be bearable by the delicate in winter. Indeed, this is one of the many places which is visited chiefly on account of its associations. It owes a great deal to Petrarch, and quite as much to the Popes. Had not Petrarch possessed the power of embalming in immortal verse the feelings he entertained for Laura, the very name of Avignon would be unknown in quarters where it is now familiar. Curiosity of another kind attracts people who wish to see the place, where the Popes showed, by their lives, how they could combine the parts of successors to Peter the fisherman with that of rivals to Sardanapalus the voluptuary. The castle in which they used to hold their courts is now converted into a barrack. The walls, which were built around the town to protect their independence, are now preserved

as historical monuments. Among the populace, the fruits of papal teaching still survives. The inhabitants of Avignon are notable among the natives of France for their bigoted attachment to the Church, and for the cruelty they display when an opportunity offers.

No other French province is so different in reality, from what we should expect it to be, as Provence. As the land of minstrelsy, it might be supposed to be the land of beauty. The majority of those who see it for the first time are affected in the same way as was Victor Hugo when he paid a visit to Lamartine at Saint-Point. The latter wrote a versified invitation to the former. The poetical epistle contained a minute account of the mansion of which Lamartine was the master. Victor Hugo consented: undertook the long journey, and reached the dwelling of his brother poet. He looked about, but in vain, for the "embattled summits," the "bushy ivy," and the "stones tinted by the hand of time," of which he had read. What he saw was an ordinary house roofed with flat tiles, unmantled with ivy, and painted a dirty yellow. At first, he thought the coachman had blundered. But Lamartine appeared to welcome him, so that there could be no mistake. On asking where was the house which had been so beautifully described in the invitation, Lamartine replied, "You see it before you; I have but rendered it habitable. The bushy ivy made the walls damp and gave me rheumatism, so I had it removed. I had the battlements pulled down, and the house modernized; its grey stones made me feel melancholy. Ruins are nice things to write about, but not to inhabit." Now, Provence is a splendid topic for description. It is a home of the troubadours, and a land literally flowing with milk and honey. Every one is prepared to hear that it is a favoured spot when Nature is lovely, and man is not vile. Of the natural richness of Provence there can be no question. But fertility is not always conjoined with beauty. The most prolific wives are seldom the most comely. In one sense, the Chincha

Islands are the richest spots in the world, yet who would care to visit them? The name of no place recalls more gloomy associations than that of the Black Forest; however, more picturesque scenery is to be seen in a portion of Baden than in the whole of Provence. On the other hand, Provence is not merely one of the gardens of France, but it also contains more marvels in the shape of the remains of Roman architecture than any other tract in Europe, Italy of course excepted. Moreover, it can boast of having within its limits one of the most ancient and important cities in France.

Marseilles is not only the largest but it is the most prosperous of southern cities. At present it is being transformed. The old streets, wherein the pestilence was always at home, are being swept away, and others, at once more commodious and healthy, are being traced on their ruins. But the bustle of Marseilles is not enough to make a stranger linger there for his gratification. He would as soon think of doing so, as he would think of taking up his abode in Liverpool or Manchester. Not that Marseilles has the drawbacks of those cities, for it is remarkable for the clearness of its air and its freedom from rain. On the other hand, if devoid of the gloom and rain of the English cities, Marseilles is, at times, rendered almost uninhabitable by the keen blasts of the *mistral*, a wind which is even more unbearable than our terrible east wind. In order to enjoy the bright sunshine of Marseilles, and escape the blasts of this dreaded wind, it is necessary to proceed along the coast towards Italy, and settle in one of the nooks where the sun always shines in winter as in summer, which are sheltered from all cold breezes by mountain ranges, and which are washed by the blue waters of the glittering Mediterranean. These places are very numerous. Only a few, however, have become famous. Among them, Cannes is known by the double title of being the spot where the First Napoleon landed when he left Elba, and the chosen winter residence

of the versatile and venerable Lord Brougham.

The original town is small and uninteresting. It occupies the middle of a semicircle, the remaining portions on either side being covered with detached houses, most of which are surrounded with gardens. As many of the houses are quite new, it is evident that Cannes is yearly becoming a more favourite place of resort for invalids. It is distinguished for one thing which, as far as I have seen, is not common on this part of the Mediterranean coast. The beach is formed of sand instead of shingle. Neither here nor elsewhere on the shores of the Mediterranean can the pedestrian enjoy the pleasure of walking, or the horseman of galloping, along hard brown sand when the tide has receded. But, on the other hand, no one who sits here on the seashore is wearied with the rasping noise of waves falling in endless succession on loose stones. Instead of this the spectator witnesses the foam of the water melt upon the sand, and hears a murmur which, though monotonous, is not devoid of melody. Here, too, the eye, when looking seaward, does not long but in vain for some object to break the uniformity of the heaving waste of water. The Lerins Islands are out in the bay, and prominent among them is St. Margaret's Isle, where the Man in the Iron Mask underwent a punishment more cruel than even the fertile brain of a Spanish Inquisitor had ever devised. Between this island and the shore boats are continually passing, and their sails gleaming with increased whiteness, owing to the intense splendour of a sunlight such as in England is never beheld, make a striking contrast with the water, here gleaming with a vivid blue, and there with a bright purple; the whole forming a spectacle of animated beauty which thrills the soul of every beholder, and sometimes makes the weary invalid forget his woes. It may be that Cannes is less warm than other places on this coast, but it has certain charms which none of the others possess. One of the walks near the

shore is exceedingly pleasant. Sheltered on each side by walls from the wind, and exposed to the rays of a mid-day sun, the visitor can well forget, while passing along, that the month is January. It is not the sensation of warmth which alone helps to deceive him. What he sees is more likely to produce an illusion than what he feels. For the gardens on either hand are resplendent with shrubs in full flower, and the air is fragrant with rich perfume. Chief among the plants are the much-loved rose-trees, covered with flowers in every stage of development, from the half-formed bud, to the flowers whereof the leaves are borne away by every breeze. Certainly he who spends one-half of the year in England, and the other in Cannes, may form an adequate notion of that endless summer which is usually to be enjoyed in the pages of the poet alone.

An hour's ride by rail brings the visitor to Nice. This place has suffered in the same way as the writer who is hailed by enthusiastic friends as a genius when, in fact, he is but a man of talent. The laudation being proved to have been excessive, the subsequent judgment is apt, however, to be unnecessarily depreciatory. There was a time when Nice was extolled as the finest of all places of abode for Europeans whose lungs could not bear the winter's cold. After a time, it was found that the lives of many were shortened owing to a sojourn at Nice. Accordingly, its climate was at once pronounced to be treacherous, and those who used to send patients thither warned others against the risk of so doing. What may be the true state of the case does not fall within my province to determine. I think, however, that, as a winter residence, Nice is neither more or less suitable now than formerly. The mistake that has been made consists in prescribing one place as adapted to all constitutions, on the principle of the quacks who will cure every malady with a pill which is chiefly composed of bread-crumbs and brick-dust.

Seen for the first time, and with the

appearance of other places still fresh in the memory, Nice produces an impression of the most pleasing kind. The amphitheatre of mountains in which it is situated; the vastness of the space which it covers; the extent of the bay in which it lies; the expanse of azure water which is bounded only by the horizon, when beheld in the sunshine for which Nice is so famous, combine to arouse in the spectator's mind commingled sentiments of grandeur and loveliness. He may even forget that he is in France. As he walks along he sees palm-trees, with their gnarled trunks and delicate foliage, cacti and aloes, which he has never seen flourishing save under a glass roof: in short, the vegetation of the tropics lit up by a tropical sun. A still more beautiful and unaccustomed sight will be witnessed, should he proceed up the one side of the river on which Nice is built. During an hour's walk, he will perceive in the gardens on one side thousands of orange-trees heavy with golden fruit. Of all sights this, to a stranger, is the most curious. The plants of the East growing in the open air do not afford him much pleasure; on the contrary, they seem out of keeping with the scene. Besides, to a European, Eastern vegetation seems rank. An orange-tree, however, is not so. Its foliage is as graceful as it is exquisite in tint; its fruit recalls the most pleasing of associations alike to the youth and the man. Even in a hot-house, an orange-tree covered with ripe fruit is a beautiful sight; but the beauty is increased beyond conception when hundreds of trees are clustered together in the open air, their branches gently moved by the wind, their leaves and fruit bathed in sunshine. To heighten the effect, it must be borne in mind that this could be seen in those awful days of last winter when London was almost impassable on account of the snow, when the wind was howling destruction over land and sea, and noble ships freighted with precious lives were being engulfed in the ocean.

Judging from appearances, the invalids

would seem to have definitely abandoned Nice. Strangers of every nationality are plentiful enough; but they appear as much bent on enjoyment as the crowds who, in the afternoon, give animation to Hyde Park in London, and the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. Indeed, the favourite lounge here, which is called the "Promenade des Anglais," is thronged every day with pleasure-seekers, who seem satisfied to find so good an opportunity for exhibiting their dresses and indulging in very small talk. The gentlemen as well as the ladies shade their faces from the sun by means of a white umbrella lined with yellow or blue. At night, the same persons go to the opera, the theatre, or a ball. For Nice has the reputation of being a gay place, and is therefore as fascinating to some as it is shunned by others.

The dark side of the picture is literally the shady side of the street. So long as the visitor or sojourner keeps in the sun, he rejoices in his absence from a Northern home. But let him walk in the shade, and the consequences will cause him to regret that he has quitted the North. The heat is wholly in the sun's rays, not in the air. It is like some of those spring days in London when the cutting east wind is sweeping along the streets, and the sun is shining over-head,—days from which medical men and apothecaries reap a harvest of which the sexton has a rich gleanings. It is after experiencing the results of this sudden variation of temperature that any one can fully appreciate the truthfulness of the saying that beauty is a fatal gift. If what I refer to be characteristic of Nice when the weather is said on all hands to be lovely, what must occur when the *mistral* rages, and the strongest dread its violence? I have less difficulty in understanding how this place should have fallen into disrepute as the winter residence for invalids than in furnishing an explanation of the reputation it so long enjoyed. To a vast number it may be said, without much exaggeration,—“See Nice and die.”

## II.

It is well known that, among the alleged benefits the present Emperor has conferred on France, the annexation of the slopes of the Alps is the most conspicuous. That Chambery and Nice have become French is, at least, a fact easily understood, though not, perhaps, quite so easy to defend. Very different is the condition of Monaco, which has the title of a principality, is supposed to be independent, has never been annexed to France, yet is subject to the regulations of French officials. Recently a treaty of navigation was concluded between France and Monaco. Certain advantages were thereby ceded by the former to the latter, and which other nations had a right to claim. Thereupon it was announced that the treaty was a binding one on the two parties to it only, and the natural inference was that Monaco was sufficiently independent to sign treaties, but not to give them a real sanction. Indeed, this tiny principality seems to resemble the lady to whom Sheridan said, as an excuse for not taking her out for a walk, that the weather was fine enough for one, but not for two.

Among principalities, Monaco is what Tom Thumb is among men. It is curious because of its smallness; it deserves a visit, however, because of its beauty. A few houses, perched on the top of a lofty rock jutting into the sea, constitute at once the principality and its capital. The population is rated as high as fourteen, and as low as six hundred persons. The army used to number fifty men: it is now understood to number eight privates, and as many or more officers. There is a great difficulty in getting correct information on this head; but it would not materially affect the balance of power in Europe, did the army of Monaco consist of double the highest number of men I have stated. The artillery is disproportionately in excess of the other branches of the service. For every man there is at least one cannon; unfortunately, however, all the cannon are dismounted, and the whole force of the army would barely suffice

to get one into position. Of rusty cannon-balls and empty shells there are several piles in the principal square.

No one who walks through the streets or round the ramparts of this little town, can think long about war and its horrors. Nature is here too lovely to permit the mind doing other than admire. Several hundred feet down, the Mediterranean ripples against the rock ; and so clear is the water that it resembles a liquid glass, revealing rather than hiding the bed which it covers. The harbour is a natural one. On the side opposite to that whereon stands the town are a few detached houses, and a large building which the spectator at first supposes to be one of the prince's palaces. On inquiry he learns that it belongs to the real, though not the titular, prince of Monaco ; to him whom Homburg has to thank for the half of its renown, and the whole of its infamy. The gaming-house (for such is the imposing edifice) is now the chief attraction here. Formerly, gaming used to be carried on in the town, but, on the lease of the rooms being granted to M. Blanc, he removed the tables to where they now stand, expending in the erection of the gaming-house, a hotel, and several villas, upwards of forty thousand pounds. For having done this, no rational man will thank him, yet he deserves credit for having caused the formation of the finest winter-garden I ever saw, and perhaps the finest in Europe. On a terrace facing the sea, the visitor may spend his winter days in the open air, with the bright sun overhead, the Mediterranean on one side, and the choicest flowers on the other. Were not dates too stubborn things, I might maintain that Tennyson had visited this garden before he composed the "Lotos Eaters." The beauteous visions which he conjured up from a few lines in Homer, may be here found to accord with the reality. After all, however, the poet's Elysium is the one which can be alone fully enjoyed without bitter reflections. The end does not justify the means here employed. That many should be lured to

their ruin, all the artificial charms of this spot have been created. By the people of Monaco, M. Blanc is regarded as a benefactor. They are as fully justified in so thinking as are the priests who laud the piety of the pirate or of the brigand who saves his conscience by sacrificing a portion of his booty to the Virgin.

As regards climate, Monaco is more favoured than Nice. At the latter, orange-trees grow : at the former, lemon-trees flourish and bear good fruit. The lemon is more delicate than the orange-tree, but it is less beautiful. A grove of lemon is to a grove of orange-trees what a group of pale-faced children, born and nursed in a city, is to a group of rosy-cheeked and robust country children. There is not a sufficient contrast between the light hue of the fruit and the green tints of the leaves ; moreover, the leaves of the lemon-tree are devoid of that exquisite tinge of yellow and green which is so lovely when lit up by a strong light. Sheltered from biting winds, gay with flowers, placed on an eminence which commands an extensive prospect, it might be supposed that Monaco was a fairy-land. But it is a place which it is pleasanter to read about than to inhabit. Like those Oriental lands which would be terrestrial paradises were it not for the ravening monsters which fill the waters, the poisonous serpents which cover the ground, the seeds of dire maladies which float in the air, Monaco has a drawback, quite as serious as the cold and fog and rain which render an English winter almost unendurable. The curse of Monaco is moisture. Were it not for the humidity of its atmosphere, the flowers and plants, which flourish there, would neither germinate nor wear a summer garb in the month of January. As it is, there is as much dew deposited by night as if a shower of rain had fallen. Small pools of water may be seen in the hollows of stones. The soil is moistened to the depth of an inch or two. In the morning the spot on which the sun has shone is easily known



by the difference between its colour and that of the portion still in the shade. While, then, nothing can be pleasanter than the soft air at mid-day, the damp air at nightfall is of all things the most unpleasant and prejudicial to health. That such a climate should be other than insalubrious I cannot believe.

About five miles along the coast, going towards Italy, is a place to which as yet few resort who are not suffering from one of the maladies which attack the chest. Now, before visiting Mentone, I had heard a great deal in its praise, and had been assured that no place on this coast could vie with its beauty of situation and balminess of climate. I had not then read the able work in which Dr. Henry Bennet sets forth its advantages; but I had casually seen the volume, and looked at the beautiful chromo-lithograph which forms its frontispiece. Although the view of Mentone there given is very faithful, yet it produces a false impression, for the point from which it is taken is the opposite from that whereon the traveller coming through France first gets a glimpse of the town. To this must be attributed the disappointment which I felt. The place seemed inferior to the picture. It was some time before I could acknowledge that those who had spoken with rapture of Mentone were fully justified in their enthusiasm.

The old town is built on a promontory between two bays. On each of those bays are erected the houses and hotels in which the health-seekers reside. Behind the town is a range of mountains, which shelter it from the cold winds so completely, that it is warm there when the blast is blowing which raises the waves a few miles out at sea, and makes the sailor shiver with cold as well as quake with fear. The eastern bay is the more sheltered of the two; indeed, it is a sort of natural hothouse. From all winds, excepting the south, south-east, and south-west, Mentone is entirely protected. On the other hand, it is exposed to every ray of a sun which burns like a globe of fire in the heavens for a portion of nearly every

day in winter. Here, as elsewhere in the south, the air is cooler in the shade than it is where the atmosphere is less pure, and the sun's warmth less directly transmitted. Here are to be seen olive-trees of a size which, when contrasted with that of the bushes of Avignon, may be called gigantic. At the western entrance to the town are some of the beautiful stone-pines, which are conspicuous in an Italian landscape, but which do not flourish in other parts of France. Groves of orange and lemon-trees are found here as a matter of course, yet, if they are recognised as natural objects in such a spot, they give as much pleasure as when witnessed for the first time.

As I wish to give the results of personal experience, I must state one thing which is at variance with what Dr. Bennet tells his readers. He mentions, as one of the charms of the climate, that, notwithstanding the warmth and sunshine of the days, there is an all but complete immunity from all venomous insects, gnats, or mosquitoes during the winter, after the first cold nights in December. This is, no doubt, owing to the general coolness of the night temperature. Previous to that time, in the autumn, the mosquitoes are very troublesome. Now, I have not seen more mosquitoes in a room at Verona during the month of October than I did in my room at Mentone during the last week in January. Moreover, not expecting to be so annoyed, I was surprised when the landlord of the hotel, in reply to my objection about its northern exposure, assured me that, as a compensation for the greater cold during the night, I should suffer less from mosquitoes. Within a very short space of time I killed six. Of course, the one escaped which gives all the annoyance, and does all the mischief. Consequently, when I afterwards read in the seventy-sixth page of Dr. Bennet's "Winter in the South of France" that Mentone enjoys "an all but complete immunity from all venomous insects, gnats, and mosquitoes during the winter, after the first cold nights in December," I thought



that the state of things prior to December must be very unsatisfactory alike to the delicate and the strong. Even in this matter I should not cite my own limited experience as a conclusive answer to the statements of Dr. Bennet, based on an experience of six winters. The passing traveller is often unfortunate in meeting with exceptions, which he takes as the rule. Without generalizing so rashly as he who, alighting for the night at a country inn, and remarking that the landlady's hair was red, set down in his notebook that all the women of the district had red hair, I may infer that mosquitoes are among the drawbacks to life at Mentone.

A more serious drawback to this and other places in the south of France, is the occasional bad weather. At times, there are falls of snow and days of frost which kill thousands of delicate plants, and ruin those to whom the produce was their sole means of subsistence. These visitations are the more disastrous, because they are so unfrequent. The proprietor of a lemon grove, who for twenty years has looked to his annual crop as an Englishman does to his dividend from the Three per Cents, is wholly unprepared for the entire destruction of his capital by frost. Unless this possibility be kept in mind, an erroneous notion will be entertained of the several places of winter resort in the south of France. As Dr. Bennet very justly says, the ordinary statements in guide-books are gross delusions. Neither perpetual spring nor eternal summer can be counted upon with certainty at

Cannes, Nice, or Mentone. "Wind, rain, a chilly atmosphere, and occasional cold weather, with snow on the mountains and flakes of ice in exposed situations, have to be encountered." These are the dark shades in the picture. But without the shade the colours would seem less bright. What makes the climate of the places referred to the more enjoyable is not only the contrast between it and wintry weather at home, but also the knowledge that the clear sky may at any moment be darkened, and the darts of winter piercing even to the marrow. Whilst it lasts, the fine weather of which I have spoken is a greater luxury to the English visitor than any other enjoyment which his wealth can command.

If this be true of the man in comparatively robust health, what must be the effect on the unhappy invalid whom consumption has marked out for a prey? Even were the beams of a southern sun incapable of doing more than restoring a temporary animation to the languid frame, the English invalid would do well to exchange the gloom of his native land for the brightness and variety of the south of France in winter. I can thoroughly understand, then, the confidence with which some invalids look forward to regaining lost health on the shores of the Mediterranean. On another occasion I shall inquire whether or not others are equally justified in seeking for the same treasure within sight of the Pyrenees, or on the shores of the Atlantic.

## OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. SAVILLE HEATON ALSO PREACHES.

MR. SAVILLE HEATON had not the natural advantages which distinguished Mr. Frere. His voice was rather weak, and an occasional hesitation, which was not exactly a stammer, induced a repetition of words just pronounced, as if he had not been satisfied with the way in which they were delivered; and sometimes gave that appearance of confusion which may be observed when a person reading aloud loses his place on the page.

But on this occasion he was more fluent than usual; and even Maggie half refrained from her customary slumbers, and shifted her large ignorant blue eyes with a certain complacency from one to another of the immediate auditors, as though ascertaining what effect her "mon's" discourse had on their minds.

It was a very simple straightforward sermon, after all; with now and then a gleam of eloquence, and now and then an unexpected metaphor, and always a glow of real earnestness about it: on the hackneyed text, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also,"—illustrated with the obvious lines of argument as to the various motives for "giving in charity," as it is called,—the ambition to be thought well of by men,—the superstitious hope to atone by good works for evil deeds, as of old great robbers built fine churches; on which principle Milan Cathedral is traditionally said to have been founded; being begun by a penitent nephew, in memory of an esteemed uncle *whom he had murdered*. He touched also on the "shame-faced giving,"—because our neighbours give; the customary giving,—as one drops a piece of money into a

church-plate; and so forth. Nor did Mr. Saville Heaton become particularly impressive till rather more than half way on in his discourse; when he dwelt on the secret motives, and even wicked motives, which may produce apparently good actions; and in that part of his sermon his nervous hesitation seemed to leave him, and he spoke with more boldness and more eloquence of language than usual; the faces of his listeners being still noted in a sort of careless way by Maggie—while she occasionally broke the tedium of the time by irreverently and surreptitiously cracking green hazel nuts with her fine white teeth, and eating them.

And those faces would have made a good study for a painter. The warm approval, the sympathy with all that was true and earnest, in the countenance of Old Sir Douglas; the serene, attentive, angelic brow and eyes of his young wife; Lorimer, with folded arms and set compressed mouth, looking apparently only at the uninteresting straw hassock at his feet; Alice, demure, and yet restless, furtively blinking from time to time side glances at the preacher; and Mr. James Frere (for he also attended, though his patroness at the Castle had tossed her head in scorn at the proposal) with his dark bright eyes fixed on Saville Heaton, rather with an expression of curiosity to learn how this man would handle the matter, than with any reference to the matter itself; but all attention to his words.

Then it was—as the speaker dwelt on the power of God, "to whom all hearts be open, all desires known," to sift and discern the variety of motives that may produce one common result; when he warned his hearers in the language of Scripture that "there is nothing covered that shall not be re-

ve  
kn  
sp  
lig  
in  
up  
me  
an  
ph  
but  
was  
and  
tre  
so  
thr  
con  
and  
A  
her  
Dou  
skil  
Fre  
prea  
tion  
face  
prob  
fine  
turn  
Boy  
T  
have  
of m  
to o  
flick  
that  
visib  
gaze  
fear,  
cont  
bold,  
Miss  
sion  
defia  
ance  
the l  
then  
becan  
watch  
Bu  
mom  
strap  
all o  
life, l  
aware

vealed, neither hid that shall not be known ;" that " whatsoever has been spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light,—and that which was whispered in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops ;"—with all argument pertaining to those solemn texts and withering denunciations of the pharisaical hypocrisy which deludes man, but never can delude God ;—then it was, as I have said, that this shy and common-place minister became extremely impressive ; and spoke indeed so forcibly and so well, that an electric thrill seemed to go through his small congregation, both among the learned and the unlearned.

Alice Ross sat stiller than ever ; but her glance wandered from Heaton to Sir Douglas, and back again with sidelong skill, to others of the group : while Mr. Frere's eyes were withdrawn from the preacher, though the expression of attention and curiosity even deepened in his face. He seemed to be resolving some problem in his mind. Suddenly his fine eyes flashed upwards again, and turned—not on Heaton, but on Lorimer Boyd !

Their eyes met. Lorimer seemed to have been observing him. Some ripple of movement, which did not even amount to one of Mr. Boyd's "grim smiles," flickered round his mouth : and some of that inexplicable shrinking, which is visible in the human eye even when its gaze is not withdrawn—in moments of fear, suspicion, or conscious duplicity—contracted for a second or two the bright, bold, clever orbs which had "charmed" Miss Alice Ross. Then another expression passed into them. Not of fear ; of defiance ; of hard resolution ; an accordance for the moment of the eyes with the hard, resolute, animal mouth : and then Mr. James Frere's countenance became, as before, simply attentive, and watchful of the preacher's closing words.

But there had been, in that short moment, between those two men, that strange spiritual communication which all of us who have any experience of life, know so well. Mr. Frere became aware that Mr. Boyd distrusted him ;

and Mr. Boyd, that he and his distrust were alike defied and set at nought by the eloquent stranger.

Nor did it need the sealing of the conviction in Mr. Frere's mind that Lorimer had "something to do with the sermon," which was naturally produced by over-hearing Mr. Saville Heaton on their walk homewards answer Sir Douglas's kindly congratulations on the excellence of that discourse, by the modest and deprecatory reply, "Well, I had the advantage of talking the subject over with Mr. Boyd : indeed, of reading the sermon to him, and receiving some valuable suggestions. He is a very superior man : a great scholar : a most cultivated mind : I feel greatly indebted to him for the interest he has shown in my plans and my school ; and I consider my composition, such as it was, much benefited by his remarks."

When Mr. James Frere heard this modest reply to Sir Douglas's compliments, he was walking immediately behind the group ; side by side with Miss Alice Ross. Involuntarily he turned to her, to see how she "took" the answer so made, and perhaps to make some disparaging comment on Mr. Boyd's interference, by way of guarding his own interests in that quarter. He met Alice's glance as he had previously met Lorimer's ; and received much the same degree of enlightenment from it, though of a more satisfactory kind.

He decided that it was quite unnecessary to make any observation. He therefore merely sighed, and, casting his eyes wistfully over the hills and intervening scenery, he said, "I would I were away from this place ! I must think of leaving Clochnaben."

And Alice Ross did not say in any foolish tender way, "Pray don't leave us," or "Oh, I should be so sorry ;" but, with a little hard short laugh, and slow drawing utterance, she said, "You are easily beaten, Mr. Frere."

And Mr. Frere, though he had some experience of the sex, was just sufficiently startled to pause before he said :

"No ; I am *not* easily beaten, Alice Ross."

Whether she noticed his calling her by her name, and approved or disapproved the liberty so taken, could not be guessed from outward evidence. She certainly approved the sentiment, if the smile of odd sinister triumph that slowly left her small thin mouth spoke true; and she made no attempt to withdraw from his companionship, and join some one else in the walking party.

Nay, when Mr. Frere turned back after escorting her, and shook hands with Sir Douglas, and lamented that he could not stay dinner, but must return to the Dowager Clochnaben, he saw, with great satisfaction, that pussy-cat Alice had glided out of the party at the castle door, and was standing alone and *en cachette* against a mass of thick laurels, watching him as he walked away.

If Mr. Frere had been a commonplace gentleman he might have stopped, and waved his hand perhaps, in token of farewell, and of his consciousness that she was thus occupied. But he knew better. Not Isaac, when he went forth to meditate in the fields at eventide, could seem more utterly unconscious of observation. Only, when he reached the vantage ground of a slight ascent which prefaced the more rugged climb to come, he paused at that knoll, and, lifting his hat, not in token of salutation, but as relieving himself of a formal encumbrance, stood and gazed at the red sky of evening and the picturesque scenery, believing (not in vain) that those shrewd grey eyes were still fixed upon him, and that he himself appeared to the full as picturesque as any other object within their view.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### KENNETH AGAIN !

BUT Mr. Saville Heaton was not destined to enlighten his congregation with another sermon distilled through the alembic of Lorimer Boyd's mind. At Torrieburn, and at Glenrossie also, that Sunday evening, all was perplexity and alarm. News,—bad news,—had come

of Kenneth ! Not this time of his conduct, or his debts, or anything which friends might remedy. No ; but Kenneth lay ill of fever, dying, some of the doctors thought, at San Sebastian, which port he had reached, intending to return from Spain through France.

A brief and rather incoherent letter, dictated to some woman, partly by Kenneth and partly by Giuseppe, narrated the circumstances ; how, having had a burning fever, he had apparently recovered, but now it was a low nervous fever, and the young Signore could not lift his hands to his head for weakness. " And, indeed, it is now more than eight days that his young Excellency has not sworn, nor shown any symptoms of his usual animation, and my mind is at sea, and *mi crepa il cuore* ; it breaks my heart ; for, could I hear the well-beloved Excellency call me a dog,—or find some fault,—I would revive ; and, indeed, only yesterday, it was in my hope that he was about to throw at me the cup of lemonade (which he relished not, finding it bitter), for his eyes showed much anger ; but with grief, I say, it passed, and he only set the cup on one side. And that same evening, my limbs all trembled, for he called and said—'Giuseppe ! death is coming ; tell my uncle to forgive everything, as I do.' And with a great sigh his young Excellency sank in a swoon. Now, if some friend will come to his Excellency, it will be good. Not for weariness, for I am strong, and will nurse the Signore as a child ; but for cheering by words in the English tongue, and to understand well whether he should live or die ; and if he die, to say what shall be done.

" And with much misery I recommend myself to all saints of mercy—as also I commend to God and His goodness your most noble Excellency, and the young Excellency who is dying, and all the good family.

" I am,

" Your most devoted and most humble,

" GIUSEPPE."

In a hand nearly illegible, but evidently scrawled by Kenneth, was added, "Tell my mother I think of her and Torrieburn."

Little had he written, poor Kenneth, to that mother, or his uncle, or any one else during his wanderings. "Au jour, le jour" was his motto, and the careless enjoyment of passing hours his sole object in life. Now life was trembling in the balance, and this moan from a foreign land came, like a sick child's cry at midnight, to startle them all.

Who should go to Kenneth?

Sir Douglas could not. Dearly as he loved this Absalom, he had holier and closer ties that held him back. His young wife was ailing, was soon to be a mother; his place was with her, not with Kenneth. Lorimer would have been willing enough, but would he, could he, be welcome to that young, unjust, irritable mind? It was settled that Saville Heaton should go. He had been Kenneth's tutor; he was his step-father; and though the rebellion and ingratitude of boyhood and adolescence had been his sole return for much kindness, and the bitter speech had once been flung at him in one of Kenneth's rages,—"Your care of me! Who thanks you? You were *paid* for your care of me, such as it was,"—still, the gentle nature of the man, and his desire to do his best for Maggie's son, had upborne him through much insult and folly, and they had not been on bad terms during the latter years of Kenneth's youth, nor had Kenneth been much at home, either to provoke, or be provoked by, unwelcome communion.

Saville Heaton was to go, then: and alone. As to being accompanied by his wife, it was not to be thought of for a moment. Maggie raving and sobbing by a sick bed, where, of all things, quiet was most desirable; Maggie struggling to explain herself in broad Scotch among foreigners, to whom even English was barely comprehensible; Maggie travelling and living in foreign hotels, who had never stirred from Torrieburn;—it was simply an impossibility.

Luckily it never appeared to that

wilful female in any other light. She shrieked and sobbed over Kenneth's state incessantly during the two or three hours of preparation that intervened between the receipt of the ill tidings and her husband's departure, but she never thought of pleading to go with him. She rocked herself to and fro in spasmodic sobbings, and left the packing and arranging of his scanty comforts to the yet more ignorant servant lassie. She repeatedly told him he would be killed and eaten "among they outlandish men," and then, starting to her feet, urged him to begone, and reproached him for slowness, "while, maybe, Kenneth lay deeing." When at length he attempted to bid her farewell and start, she clung to him as if she had never intended him to leave her; and, as the dog-cart rapidly drove away, above the sound of its wheels came the sharp successive cries of her distress. Nor did her mood alter, until provoked by the efforts of the poor awkward servant to console and quiet her, and persuade her to "leave greeting and step ben, like a dear leddie,"—she turned suddenly, and administered to her would-be sympathiser a most sound and vigorous box on the ear. The girl retreated "ben" into the house, and Maggie's renewed howling was only put a stop to, as usual, by sheer bodily exhaustion.

By the time her father, the miller—to whom her mother had gone to communicate the "awfu' tidings"—arrived at Torrieburn House, Maggie was quiet enough; and the three sat down in the parlour to a bowl of extremely stiff whisky toddy. The "auld wife" retained sufficient discretion to drag her daughter upstairs after a while, and put her to bed before she retired to her own; but the miller was still asleep on the horse-hair sofa, with all his clothes on, when the morning shone with fullest light in at the windows of the room where Saville Heaton's books and better occupations lay scattered about, testifying alike to the contrast of his tastes with those who had surrounded him, and to the haste with which he had departed.

No place,—no corner of the wildest desert or the deepest wood—is so silent as the room in which we have been accustomed daily to hear a familiar voice. When Maggie came down in the mid-day, there was more weeping. And, when later in the afternoon, Sir Douglas, in his pity, rode over to see her, and actually proposed that she should come up and dine at Glenrossie, she shook her head, saying, she would rather “stay among her mon’s bukes and think o’ Kenneth;” a piece of vague sentiment which found favour with the tender-hearted soldier; though, indeed, there mingled with Maggie’s real sorrow a covert repugnance to be sorrowful in presence of Gertrude, whom she persisted in looking upon as a “fause-hearted jilt,” and a “proud jade,” and connecting her with Kenneth’s long absence and heavy discontents, as show in his own angry letters and confessions.

Sir Douglas, too, had his extra sadness out of the bad news. He thought over the sentence, “Tell my uncle to forgive everything—as *I* do!” Did the lad still think himself wronged? and how? What had been his grounds for resentment and complaint? Unjust; of course unjust, for Sir Douglas’s conscience was clear of all offence, but still existent. What had he to “forgive,” even in the waywardness of his own warped imagination?

Sir Douglas’s heart ached as he sat through the silent dinner, where all were thinking in their various ways of Kenneth; and ached next day when he sat in his wife’s beautiful morning room, gazing abstractedly over his book at the light on her shining hair, and the gay patterned tapestry border she was working.

As he looked, he sighed; and at the sound of that sigh she looked up, and then she softly rose, and coming towards him, tenderly kissed his saddened brow.

“Oh, my love; my dearest love; I wish,” said Sir Douglas hesitatingly, “that I knew about Kenneth!”

“We shall have news of him soon,”

Gertrude answered, in her low quiet voice.

Some inexplicable link in that chain of memory, “wherewith we are darkly bound,” brought vividly back to old Sir Douglas a scene of the past. He saw his Gertrude, his young wife, in her actual form; but he saw also, beyond, and as it were through, that bright visible presence,—his Gertrude yet younger; the fair girl of the Villa Mandorlo, the night he had yearned to ask her about Kenneth, and had refrained.

Then, also, she had kissed him. It was her first caress; the caress not of passion, but of a tender and instinctive wish to comfort.

So, now.

And then and now the sense of anxiety—of love unutterable—and of being baffled in his wish for some clear certainty about his graceless nephew, blended into pain and oppressed him.

But, she was there, that lovely wife who loved him! He ought to be happy and contented, if ever man was. He could not vex her.

So, day by day, they waited news of Kenneth, in silence and hope.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### SAVILLE HEATON CONQUERED.

News came. First bad and depressing, then better; Kenneth more cheerful, greatly pleased at Saville Heaton coming out to him; Giuseppe invaluable, as gentle as a nurse, and as active and robust as he was gentle. Then a fluctuation of worse again. Kenneth had a relapse, and was in an alarming state of depression and weakness; messages were received from him, of penitence and remorse for wasted years and misapplied energies; which tender Sir Douglas wept over, exulted over, repeated with a quivering smile to his wife; and then went back to old memories, old plans, old hopes, that had begun when he thought he would get Kenneth the brother sent to Eton, and “made a man of;” and flowered once more (after the



disappointment of that life) when little Kenneth the orphan was trusted to his benevolence.

Kenneth was to get well, to reform, to marry, to be once more beloved, and cordially welcomed. All was to come right.

And, as far as Kenneth's recovery was concerned, all *did* come right. Saville Heaton's simple straightforward letters gave a most graphic account of the increasing strength and irritability of the patient; and he dwelt with much sympathy on the *naïve* gladness with which Giuseppe accepted all instances of ill-temper and impatience as so many proofs of convalescence. He especially narrated how once, when Kenneth had passionately stamped and sworn at the young Italian for some slight delay in bringing a bath, Giuseppe was afterwards met by him in the street, with his eyes lifted in beaming prayer to a painted wooden Madonna in a blue gown covered with golden stars, fixed over the door of a corner house, and, being greeted by Mr. Heaton as he passed, joyously informed him he had been "rendering thanks to Mary and the Santo Bambino; for certainly now the young Excellency was becoming quite himself again." And quite himself again Kenneth accordingly became.

After that desirable consummation, for a while the accounts became scanty and confused; and all that could be gathered was, that Saville Heaton was very unwell, then worse, then prostrated with low typhoid fever, then too weak to send personal accounts, and then,—after a pause,—a letter came from the English Vice-consul, stating that the Rev. Saville Heaton was DEAD; that he had been buried with great respect and attention, had been followed to the grave by three or four English residents at San Sebastian, and by the Vice-consul himself; who had been much impressed by his kindly and devoted care of the first invalid, Mr. Kenneth Ross (whom he had since understood to be his stepson), and much pleased with his gentlemanly and diffident manners. That news had been sent to Granada,—

whither young Mr. Kenneth Ross had betaken himself as soon as he was able to move,—of the extreme danger of his step-father, in order that that young gentleman might consider whether it would not be advisable for him to return; but that he had merely sent a letter (after rather an anxious period of suspense on the part of those who had addressed him) expressing his regret at the news, and desiring that "if anything happened to Mr. Saville Heaton," the Vice-consul would have the goodness to see that his papers, and all things belonging to him, were properly taken care of, and transmitted to the care of Sir Douglas Ross, in Scotland. The Vice-consul was happy to assure Sir Douglas that such also had been the sole instructions given him by the dying man; who had indeed expressed himself in a way that must give Sir Douglas much pleasure; saying that he was "the best friend he ever had, and the best man he ever knew." That he had shown anxiety that some little valuables (ornaments of some sort) should be safely transmitted to his widow, with the message that during the very few opportunities he had had of being out in the open air during Kenneth's illness, he had endeavoured to find something that would please her, to wear for his sake. That he had sunk with such extreme rapidity at last (not being of a robust constitution), that he had been unable to write particulars, as he desired, to his wife and Sir Douglas; but that he had died most peacefully. There had been delirium, of course; and there had been some confusion in a recommendation he apparently desired to make to Sir Douglas, that he "would endeavour that Kenneth should do his duty *by his mother*" (at least so the Vice-consul understood him); but at the last he was extremely clear and collected, and his final words, in answer to an expression of compassion which escaped that gentleman as to his being *alone* in such an hour, were "Not so alone as I appear. It is a great thing to die with perfect trust in God's mercy, and perfect trust in some surviving friend."



After which brief utterance he sighed once or twice, shivered, sighed again, and lay still.

Something "had happened" to Mr. Saville Heaton, according to the possibility indicated in the letter from Granada—Death had happened.

When the news came to Torrieburn the results were pretty much what might have been expected. Great regret and respect were expressed by some members of his scanty flock; great weeping and wailing on the part of Maggie; great pity from Sir Douglas and his wife.

Lorimer was at Clochnaben when the accounts were sent over to him. He read them slowly, set his teeth hard, clenched his hand, and looked gloomily at his mother, who had been talking meanwhile in an under-tone to Alice, respecting the news. Mr. James Frere was present, and very silent.

"Well, Lorimer, you need scarce look at me as though I had cut the man's head off," said the feminine dowager, as she caught her son's glance.

"I was not thinking of you."

"Of him, then. If you'd an ounce of sense in those brains of which you are so proud, you'd think it the very best thing that could happen. When a man's in everybody's way the sooner he's lifted out of the way the better. That's my dictum."

"Neither (though I do not agree with your dictum) was I thinking of Saville Heaton's hard fate."

"He was taken in God's good time," interposed Mr. Frere.

"Perhaps you'd condescend to say what you *were* thinking of, that makes you look as if you wished we were all supping on poisoned brose," snarled Lady Clochnaben, without noticing the interruption.

"I was wishing," said Lorimer, with bitter vehemence, "that, whenever 'God's good time' shall come for taking Kenneth Ross, he may die as forlorn a death as the man who nursed him to recovery, and whom he deserted when it was his turn to render service. And I wish it with all my heart and soul!"

"Devil doubt you!" retorted the Dowager; "but I shouldn't think your banning or blessing would make much odds in what's settled above for that young reprobate; and, though with him (as usual) bad's the best, he had his excuse this time, I suppose, in being too weak for journeying."

"A man is never too weak to do his duty; that's *my* dictum," said Lorimer, with a provoking echo of his mother's manner. "He can but sacrifice his life in doing it; if that particular occasion be, as Mr. Frere terms it, 'God's good time to take him.' Mr. Saville Heaton risked his life, and lost it, in doing what he conceived to be his duty by his step-son; and we should all be thankful, meanwhile, that the worthy object of his solicitude is convalescent, and enjoying life at Granada."

"Oh! Mr. Boyd, you do hate Kenneth Ross so!" said Alice, with a deprecating drawl.

"Ay!" chimed in Lady Clochnaben. "And hate him not altogether for his faults either; though his death would do you little good *now*, Lorimer."

She gave a clutch to settle the black silk condemnatory bonnet a little lower on her forehead, and laughed a short, hard, cackling laugh as she spoke. But the pale anger of her son's face seemed rather to check even her masculine courage, and she hastily added:

"But you were always besotted with any of the people Sir Douglas chose to take up. I wonder you don't offer yourself as third husband to that ranting red-haired woman at Torrieburn; that faced me out about my factor and the cart-wheel, on your direct encouragement."

Lorimer made no answer. He was deliberately folding up the papers he had been reading; and, having done so, he rose.

"Where are you going?"

"To Glenrossie, to see how Douglas bears this."

"Are you coming back to-night?"

"No."

"Shall you be back to-morrow?"

"I don't know."

"Humph! I'm sure, whatever your return to Italy may be to Sir Douglas and Lady Ross, we'll have little miss of your company *here*."

"You will the better bear my departure on Wednesday."

"The day after to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"I presume you have communicated the fact to the friends you prefer; you certainly never warned *me* that you were going so soon."

"Warned you, mother? My stay is no pleasure to you—my absence no pain! Would to God——"

But Lorimer did not speak out the rest, or that hard mother might have heard that son of gloom declare his wish that he were lying buried in a foreign grave in San Sebastian instead of Saville Heaton; followed to the tomb by strangers and an English Vice-consul, instead of wept for by natural friends.

"Parva Domus; Magna Quies," muttered he to himself. And then he held out his hand in token of farewell to the angry dowager.

She choked a little, in spite of her assumption of utter indifference.

"I suppose this is not good-bye for good and all, in spite of sulks, eh, Lorimer?"

"No, mother; I will see you again before I go."

It was spoken very sadly. He bowed to Alice and to Frere, and was gone.

"Give way once, and be ruled for ever; that's my dictum," said Lady Clochnaben, after a brief pause. "But Lorimer was always a heavy handful; even as a child he was neither to drive nor to lead. But he's a clever brain—a clever brain." And she glanced with a mixture of pride and discontent to the scarlet-bound books on a further table, Lorimer's college efforts.

Mr. James Frere rose and brought one of the volumes. "I will read one or two aloud, if you please," said he.

A grunt of assent gave the implied permission; and after that exercise, Mr. Frere's own talents were the theme of discussion. Saville Heaton's place was empty. His voice was dumb.

It made Alice Ross almost playful. There was a pretty glitter in her cat-like eyes, and a sort of purring murmur of underlying content in her slow soft voice, whenever she answered or volunteered an observation.

While over the hills, in the calm western light, went Lorimer Boyd, to that other castle, where the *magna quies* co-existed yet with life and hope.

Sir Douglas had not returned from a pilgrimage on foot to Torrieburn; but Gertude, who had driven over, was resting on the sofa, looking very pale and wearied. She welcomed Lorimer eagerly, and, after the first greeting, burst into tears.

"It is very foolish," she said, smiling through that transient shower, "for Mr. Heaton was almost a stranger to me, and he was a good man; a pious man; but there is something forlorn in his going away to die so, in a foreign land; and I am not very strong just now, and poor Mrs. Ross Heaton is so vehement in the expression of her feelings that it shakes one's nerves!"

Lorimer stopped her, with more emotion than was usual in his manner.

"Oh! for God's sake, don't excuse yourself to *me* for being tender and womanly," he said. "Better to *me* is any expression of feeling; better the animal howling of that poor untutored creature at Torrieburn—than the iron hardness one sees in some hearts! She may well lament Heaton, for a more indulgent gentleman never tied himself for beauty's sake to an uncongenial mate. And he had dignity too. No one ever could have seen—who did not watch him closely and understand him thoroughly—how often he felt wounded and ashamed of the choice he had made (if indeed we can term it choice; for I believe the determination to marry was rather on Maggie's side). I have heard her herself say he had never given her a hard word; if I had been her husband I am afraid she would have heard a good many."

And, with the last words, the saturnine smile returned to Lorimer's lips, and the conversation took a more cheer-

ful turn between him and Gertrude Ross.

Dear companions they were; dear friends, through shade and sunshine. Gertrude had said no more than she felt, when on a former occasion she wished he had been born Sir Douglas's brother. And Sir Douglas loved him too; with that strict divine attachment which in its perfection we are assured "passeth the love of woman," and which an old poet has immortalized by comparison with a yet diviner communion:

"Since David had his Jonathan, CHRIST his John."

### CHAPTER XXXI.

"THE DAYS THAT GROW INTO YEARS."

THE pages which divide the events of life turn very slowly; but the pages which narrate the history of a life turn rapidly. Events which change whole destinies compress themselves into a single sentence; joy goes by like a flash of light, and the tears which have wasted the very eyes that wept them demand no fuller record than the brief monotonous lament of poor Marguerite in "Faust:"

"Ich weine, und weine, und weine!"

Gertrude's life was gliding by in sunlight and joy. Bonfires had been lit on the pleasant hills for the birth of an heir to Glenrossie; and the little heir himself was already beginning to prattle the thoughts of childhood; and puzzle his elders, as all children do, with questions which theologists, moralists, and philosophers would attempt to answer in vain.

"Old Sir Douglas" was very little older; but at that age silver begins to mingle with the brightest and curliest hair, and the temples of that broad frank forehead were getting higher and barer, and smooth under the touch of the strong little rosy fingers of his idolized boy.

Mr. James Frere had found a clear field after the death of Mr. Saville Heaton; and had so far modified his

views of open-air worship, that he had eagerly seized the opportunity of "mentioning" to Sir Douglas (backed by much more skilful "mentioning" on the part of Alice Ross), that he would not object to succeed that simple and uneloquent preacher; and endeavour, by the grace of God, to lead the little flock (so ill taught hitherto) into the right way. The schools, founded by his earnest predecessor, were also placed under his superintendence; and rigidly were the children trained and looked after. The penitential Sabbath, instead of the holiday Sabbath, was established amongst them; the "Lord's-day" was erased from the book of common life, and left blank from all human interest. To swear, to lie, to thief, to strike even to bloodshed, were gradually shown to be less offensive to the Creator, than to hum a song, whistle a tune, write a letter, or take a sauntering happy walk over the hill, and sit chatting under the birken trees in the heather, overlooking the silver lake. A boy of ten was excommunicated, as it were, and expelled the "schule," for being found with his mouth and pockets full of blackberries so freshly gathered that they *could* only have been procured on "the Lord's-day," by the terrible desecration of gathering them on his way to service. In vain did his old grandmother plead in guttural and nasal accents that the creature "was but a wean," a "puir wee laddie that wad be mair circumspick" for the time to come. The time to come was blackened for him with public reprobation; and, as his compeers passed him, sitting alone in the ingle nook, or on the stones in the sunshine, they nudged each other on the shoulder and whispered, "Yon's Jamie Macmichael, that the meenister 'ull no permit to enter, ye ken; he broke the Lord's-day!"

Bolder and bolder grew Mr. James Frere under the consciousness of his own increasing influence; and little by little his flowery and eloquent discourses crept even to the forbidden margin of the habits of Glenrossie Castle; to the occasional omission of attendance, and the "forsaking of assembling ourselves to-

gether ;" to the neglect of bringing the young scion of the house of Douglas to the house of God, "even as young Samuel was brought by his grateful mother, in the very dawn of his consecrated days : indeed, at an age so tender, that his mother made a little coat for him and brought it for him to wear each successive year." An image, which, so far from wanting impressiveness in the ears of the listening population, caused the auld wives to look up with trembling reverence and conviction at the face of the preacher.

Neither did Mr. Frere spare even the "Lady of the Castle" in his fervent denunciations. The singing on Sabbath evenings, even though—(as it were to compound with the devil)—the songs sung were harmless, pathetic, or religious ; the glad walks and laughing conversations, heard by God, as Adam and Eve were overheard when His voice wandered through the stillness of Paradise in the fall of the day ; the robes and sumptuous apparel of the graceful earthly form ; the long residence in foreign lands, and the bringing forth out of those lands the minstrelsy of a foreign tongue, "yea, even such songs as Rizzio sang to Mary, and Mary with Rizzio, when her soul went forth to commune with temptation, and with the powers of darkness, and with sensual passion, and the confusion of all things right with all things wrong ;" all this the new minister preached upon ; more especially on those Sundays when Lady Glenrossie failed to show herself in the high old-fashioned pew, to which Mr. Frere on such occasions lifted his fine eyes, commenting on "the darkness of its emptiness," and not unfrequently sliding in some wonderful way into a comparison of himself with John Knox, —who boldly spoke forth the commission given unto him by God, fearing not the authority of kings, under the King of kings ; nor the power of the beauty of woman ; nor her silver tongue ; nor the ruddy colour of her cheek ; nor the tangles of her shining hair ; while yet these things were belonging to one unregenerate and unredeemed : but with an iron tongue,—like a bell that will

call to church whether men come or no, or like a clock that will certainly strike the hours and tell that they are passing or past, whether men listen or no,—so did the iron tongue of John Knox sound in the ears of that unregenerate queen and her sinful companions, and so would he (James Frere), while yet his tongue remained unpalsied by disease, and unquieted by the silence of death, continue to speak, yea, to cry and to shout, in the name of the Lord, if so be that by such speaking he could stir the heart of but one thoughtless sinner, and bid such a one turn to God while yet there was time ; before the birthright of Heaven was sold for the mess of pottage served in an earthly porringer ; before the vain weeping should come, in a bitter shower like the waters of Marah, when the soul should find no place for repentance though seeking it carefully with tears.

And now and then,—though sparingly and cautiously,—Mr. James Frere would allude to his own self-sacrifice in the service of God ; and leave the impression on his hearers (however that impression might be conveyed) that he might be called away to a more extended sphere of usefulness at any moment ; and would then conceive it his duty to go,—even if it were to the blackness or savage lands, where the tiger prowled and the lion roared and the hyena glared through the desolate night, preying like Satan on the unwary ; or into the mirth of dissolute cities, where festering sin and disease threatened the very life of the preacher. But, in the meanwhile, his whole soul was as it were wrapt and encompassed by the flame of desire to be of use in that special district committed to him by an over-ruling Providence. That he felt no scorn for the smallness of his task ; for the Master who meted out his talents gave so many as He pleased, and no more, to each servant to employ ; and, few or many, it was that servant's duty to double them. And often, he assured his listeners, he spent the day in prayer and fasting, in lifting up his eyes unto the hills, thinking of the coming of the

Lord, and neither allowing bread nor meat to enter his lips till he had searched his heart to the uttermost, and cast out of it the evil thing: as he humbly, earnestly—yea, with a cry of anguish as it were, implored his attentive hearers to do; so that they might stand pure,—as pure, at least, as sinful flesh and blood might hope to do.

And Mr. Frere's exhortation, and his mysterious allusion to the evil thing, and to his state of semi-starvation,—supported as that last allusion was by the spare figure, the meagre cheek with its hectic flush, and the bright abstracted look he wore when in the pulpit,—had a wonderful effect on the congregation: his hearers increasing and multiplying daily. And though there was little opportunity of practising abstinence among a population whose chief sustenance was the harmless earthly pottage of oatmeal "parritch," still a certain notion of the merit of all asceticism gained ground more and more amongst them, and above all a habit of watching whether their neighbours were casting out the evil thing with proper diligence and energy; and the condemnation by each man of his neighbour grew and prospered. Their Sabbaths were passed in the most rigorous strictness and the utmost unfriendliness. The disposition to meditation and prayer in the long do-nothingness of the tedious hours was principally shown in meditating on various faults, and in thanking God that they were not "as other men."

Gertrude went about doing good as usual; soothing the sick, comforting the afflicted, relieving the poor. But her benefits were somehow received differently from the former days. A strong, though vague impression that she and Queen Mary and Mr. Frere and John Knox were not dissimilar, haunted the minds through whose very narrow chinks the light of his preaching had come. Many felt almost a remorse at having to be thankful at all to one so unregenerate and unredeemed: whose future fate was probably to seek repentance carefully with tears when it

was too late to find it; and who meanwhile was certainly going home to sing outlandish songs "such as Rizzio had sung to Mary and Mary to Rizzio" in the days of sinful feasting which preceded his assassination and the confusion of the whole Scottish kingdom.

So wore the time away—Gertrude unconscious of her waning popularity; happy in a husband's love, and glorying in her child; loving with a tender love the mother whose brightest quality was the love she also felt for that dear daughter; and still trying to "pet" Alice—icy, alien, furtive-glancing Alice; and innocently dreaming she had succeeded!—glad, not jealous, at seeing Alice made more of than ever by Sir Douglas, whose love and happiness (good measure heaped up and running over) flowed to all within his reach—glad, not jealous, at the regard shown to Sir Douglas's half-sister by the poor and the small tenantry; who deemed Alice Ross indeed far more "douce and discreet" than the Queen Mary of Glenrossie Castle, and treasured many a word and action intended by shrewd Alice to produce precisely that impression: unwitting that those grains were dropped on purpose for their gleanings,—to sow in narrow fields of thought, and bear seed in their turn!

And it was in the midst of the swiftly passing though uneventful current of life thus described, that Sir Douglas entered Gertrude's bright morning room one summer's day, shortly after they had returned from a brief sojourn in London, with a bundle of papers and letters half opened in his hand, his countenance so flushed and irradiated with emotion and gladness that Gertrude wondered what could have happened, and thought that, much as she admired him, she never yet had comprehended how nobly beautiful was the dear familiar face.

"Gertrude—my sweet love,—Gertrude," he said, "I have a letter from Kenneth;—really an admirable letter; full of feeling and steady purpose and good plans,—and regret for the past. He begs me to try and arrange for the last time (you know he has still been

rather imprudent of late); and says he is about to be married, to one every way satisfactory; indeed, I know the name of the family he mentions. A Spanish girl, of high birth, wonderful beauty, and good fortune, whose acquaintance he made at Granada, just after that terrible illness; her family were extremely kind to him; and indeed knew all about his people, as I know hers. It is a most glad and blessed piece of intelligence! He is to return here, as soon as he is united to his bride; and he hopes you will like her, and congratulate him. Your dear mother will be here soon: and we shall be a most joyful family party. Poor Kenneth! Well, at last all will be safe for him. He will steady and settle at last. Kenneth going to be married; it seems like a dream, does it not?"

"A very happy dream," Gertrude murmured, as she smiled up in her husband's face with those serene eyes, whose gaze was like what we imagine the seraph's might be. "A very happy dream!" and she gave a sigh of relief, thinking how often she had rather dreaded Kenneth's re-appearance after all the stormy scenes of Naples and the threats at the Villa Mandorlo.

But Sir Douglas knew none of those things.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### A FAMILY GATHERING.

WHETHER it was that Kenneth desired the first impression on his bride's mind of all things in Scotland to be favourable—conscious that, with his usual spirit of boastfulness, he had exaggerated all that was good, and suppressed all that was bad in the mention of his home—it is certain that he very eagerly accepted the cordial invitation of Sir Douglas to come to Glenrossie "till Torrieburn was more ready."

He arrived very late, in what splendour four horses from the last inn on the road could supply, and put off seeing his mother till next day; when he was

to carry a commission from Sir Douglas, to ask her to come over and be introduced to his Spanish wife at the castle (as he was sure the latter would be "too fatigued to go to Torrieburn"), and to dine and sleep there.

Donna Eusebia Ross received the embrace of her new uncle and aunt, muffled and mantled as she was, with eager demonstrations of joy, and what the French call "effusion." Lady Charlotte had arrived only a few minutes before, and Gertrude was anxious to chat with her mother, and see to her comfort; so that, till the toilettes were over, and dinner served, the ladies saw nothing more of each other.

When Donna Eusebia did at last appear, they saw a most undeniable beauty; though she looked (as, indeed, she was) some years older than Kenneth. What with the splendour of a rich complexion, made richer by the addition of rouge; the glossiness of hair made glossier with strongly scented oils; the deep crimson of the carnations twisted with black lace, on her head; the gems that glittered on her neck; the sudden turn and flashing of her glorious black eyes, and the equally sudden flirting and shutting of a painted fan mounted in mother of pearl and gold, the motion of which was so incessant that it seemed an integral portion of her living self; what with her gleaming smile when the curled lips parted and left her white teeth like waves in the sunshine disclosing a shell; what with the pretty trick she had, at the end of every laugh (and she laughed often), of giving a mischievous bite to the full under-lip, as though to punish it back to gravity; and what with the fling and leap of the soft fringes on her robe when she turned with quick animation to answer you,—there was so much lustre and movement about her, that it seemed as if she were a fire-fly, transformed by magic into a woman. And, if she stood still (as she very seldom did), the curve of her neck and back resembled some beautiful scroll-work in sculpture; while her tiny forward foot shone in its satin shoe, a separate miracle,—for you wondered how anything



so small could have so much strength and majesty in it.

The old family butler looked at her, and at the little odd gummed curls on her brilliant cheek, while he helped her to wine, with profound disapprobation; but his subordinates were so struck with admiration they could scarcely attend to their duties, and only wished Old Sir Douglas had carried off such a matchless lady, when he resolved on bringing a wife from a foreign land.

After dinner she sang—melancholy soft “*modinhas*,” animated martial airs; and odd saltatory music, that seemed as abrupt in its sudden intervals of sweetness as she in her own proper movements. Trills and cadences, exclamations and pathetic sighs, and now and then, a beat of the tiny vehement foot in accompaniment, filled up the measure of her performance.

If the music of the lute, “when Rizzio sang to Mary and Mary to Rizzio,” was of a sort held to be dangerous to their mutual morality, what ought to be the result of Donna Eusebia’s melodious exercises?

“Oh! I really do think,” said Lady Charlotte to Sir Douglas, as she sat perplexed and wondering on the sofa, anxiously pulling the memorable ringlet to its full length and then letting it go again,—“I really do feel as if she was somebody in a story: somebody, you know, who flies about at night,—like the ballet,—I mean like the Sylphide in the ballet. Only, of course, she isn’t as good as the Sylphide; at least the Sylphide I saw Taglioni do, long ago, one could not help being sorry for, and, except that she flew about, she seemed so quiet you know; but of course it would have been better if the lover in the ballet had loved the Highland girl in the green plaid. Still she was so wonderful, that one can’t exactly wonder—but I dare say she’ll keep Kenneth in good order—don’t you think so?”

Sir Douglas smiled, rather abstractedly; he was musing over the prospect of life-long neighbourhood and companionship between this Spanish woman

and his wife. He looked at his serene, dove-eyed Gertrude. The serene eyes were bent gently and with extreme approbation on the singer. As they left the piano, and Eusebia lingered to lift gloves and rings and a bracelet with pendent jewels which Kenneth resealed on her arm, Lady Ross bowed her head while passing the ottoman where her husband was seated, and whispered, “What a bewitching creature!”

And Kenneth also evidently thought her a bewitching creature. He was what is called “passionately in love” with his Spanish Donna; and he occasionally adopted towards Gertrude, in memory of unforgotten days at the Villa Mandorlo, a manner absurdly compounded of triumph and resentment, especially when the applause of his bride’s singing was greatest. It was a manner that seemed to say, “Ah, *you* wouldn’t accept me, and now see what I’ve got. A woman with twice your beauty, and four times your voice, and twenty times your talent, and so in love with me that I believe she would stab any one she thought I fancied instead of her.”

The next evening and the next passed off calmly enough. The sinner of Torriburn came; and saw her son’s foreign wife with interest and with admiration, though unable to make out the meaning of the gracious sentences in broken English, which were delivered with the gleaming smile and the “effusion” of manner Donna Eusebia thought right in addressing all relatives. One smothered fear of Kenneth’s was not realized. Donna Eusebia did not perceive his mother’s vulgarity. The few phrases in the broadest Scotch which Maggie in her amazement uttered from time to time, were Greek to her but not more obscure than a great deal of what other people said. The over-decoration of Maggie’s still handsome person at this festal meeting was scarcely more than she herself had indulged in; and, even if it had been, how was she to know that it was not as much the usual costume of an elderly Scotch lady, as the kilt was, which she had been shown in

pictures, and had already seen worn by peasantry that morning?

So they were all very comfortable, and Sir Douglas very genial and cheerful; and a day was fixed for a dinner to neighbours and friends, some to stay in the Castle, and some only to come "over moor and fell" to feast, and drink healths, and congratulate on the marriage of Ross of Torrieburn, Sir Douglas's nephew.

When the glum old dowager at Clochnaben Castle ascertained from Alice that Jezebel of the radiant locks was an admitted guest at the castle of Glenrossie; and would probably, if not certainly, grace with her presence the table of its master, she fiercely and defiantly shook her head with the black silk bonnet on it, at the unconscious card of invitation; and, pinching that oblong bit of pasteboard hard, between a thumb and finger of each hand, as she held it out towards Sir Douglas's half-sister, she ejaculated, "Well! that ever I should live to see the day, when such a neighbourhood as ours *was* when first your mother came here—a neighbourhood of good names and good families, and folk well-to-do and respected—should come to be such a heatherum-gatherum as it is now! How Lady Ross could dare to write such words to me—'*Requested to meet friends and neighbours on the happy occasion of Mr. Kenneth's marriage.*' Happy occasion, indeed! I wonder what his fine Spanish she-grandee of a wife will think of the miller's daughter! Friends and neighbours: was *I* ever friendly, or neighbourly either, with that ranting roaring woman? I'll not stir from Clochnaben; nor shall Clochnaben stir; nor Mr. James Frere, whose name Lady Ross has had just the blind impudence to add in; expecting decent women, and clergy, and people of a Christian sort, to sit hugger-mugger with women who've done nothing but offend the Lord ever since they were baptized! It's really a thing that should be noticed with reprobation, and young Lady Ross should blush to have written such a card."

So saying, the irate dowager flung the card into the wood fire crackling before her, and, giving a last trembling

shake of indignation to the black bonnet, she added:—

"Humph! It's not the only thing that ought to go to flames and brimstone. And you may just tell your milk-and-water Lady of Glenrossie that I'm a trifle less bendable than she is, and have neither an old husband nor a young lover to make *me* knuckle down to such company. And, when I'm asked to meet such, I answer stoutly, *No*. Keep yourself to yourself on such occasions; that's my dictum."

But, when Ailie had described "all the doings" at the castle, all the singing, and strangeness, and entertainment to be gathered therefrom; when she had described that manner of Kenneth's, which she had shrewdly watched from her half-closed eyes, aided by the light of foregone conclusions; when she dwelt on the offence a refusal would give Sir Douglas, with the love he had for his nephew; and probably also to the "Spanish she-grandee" he had married, Lady Clochnaben sniffed, wavered, and covered the retreat from her resolute stand, which—(curiosity getting the better of propriety)—she at length permitted herself to make,—by giving utterance to another dictum; namely, that one was no more bound to know beforehand what company one would meet at dinner than what dishes would be set on the table; that, maybe, Maggie would not be there (this being an interpretation to save her conscience, for she felt convinced of the contrary), but that, if the dreaded Jezebel *did* come, then she would show her neighbourly abhorrence of a neighbour's faults by treating Mrs. Ross Heaton with stern disdain; never speaking to her; never seeming to perceive her presence; and, if she *dared* volunteer an observation intended for the Clochnaben ear, then to pour out such open reproofs, such vials of fiery wrath, as would teach the brazen hussy never to forget herself again; even if she was puffed into as much importance as the toad in the fable by the unheard-of imprudence and apathy of Lady Ross; an apathy as to the great rules of marriage and chastity which

could only be attributed to her foreign education, and the idiocy of the mother who superintended it.

And so a haughty condescension of assent was vouchsafed; and the Dowager Clochnaben,—clothed in black velvet trimmed with *grèbe* bordering, and with a necklet of large single diamonds surmounting a white gauze ruff,—sailed into the great crimson room where the company were assembling, and cast a severe and searching glance over the heads and shoulders of most of the party, to see if the sinner of Torrieburn was there.

Yes, she was! she was; in spite of all proper regulations of human conduct. And, even then, Dowager Clochnaben had a frown ready to annihilate her, only that Maggie never looked her way. She was seated in a great crimson silk arm-chair, one of her large white arms lounging on either side of it; giving a peculiar look of squareness to a figure already portly. She had on a gown of pale green satin, excessively trimmed with white blonde, and rather too short for a lady whose habit it was to sit cross-legged, with one foot in the air. But, beyond that, the dowager could find no comfort, nor any special ridicule in Maggie's appearance. Mrs. Ross Heaton was fortunately very proud of her golden hair, and had not therefore hidden it with wreaths or lace-caps on this occasion; she had merely plaited its immense length, and coiled it round, as Lady Clochnaben said, "just like the sea-serpent she was."

She seemed extremely cheerful and elate; rather loud in her laugh, and an object of some attention to the gentlemen immediately near her.

The party was rather numerous. People Kenneth had not seen from childhood, were gathered there—names he faintly remembered sounded in his ear—hands utterly unfamiliar clutched his with sentences of congratulation.

There was Major Maxwell, who had served with Sir Douglas, and Mr. Innes of Innes, and three Forbeses of three several places, who had barely a distant cousinship among them, though all bore the same name, and who were accord-

ingly all called by the names of their places, and the good word Forbes never mentioned. There was a remarkably handsome young Highlander in a kilt, with a velvet jacket, who rejoiced in the title of Monzies of Craigievar and Poldoch, and who had an estate of about two hundred a year, somewhere "ayont the hills." There were Campbells, and Stuarts, and Frasers, and Gordons, all "good men and true;" and many who had served their country, though their country was utterly indifferent to their existence—loyal men who loved their unseen monarch, and were ready at all times to fight in India, China, or America, as the case might be.

The dinner was gay, and healths were drunk even in the presence of the ladies. The Spanish beauty flashed eyes and fan and jewels, with double and treble energy, and bit her under lip more than ever, and laughed with Monzies of Craigievar and Poldoch. Lady Clochnaben grew grimmer and colder; as the winter sky grows in the fall of the day. Mr. James Frere became excessively animated; inasmuch that even the wary Alice was caught with an expression of surprise, and something strangely resembling fear, on her generally guarded countenance. And Lady Ross, after also glancing at him once or twice quietly, gave the usual signal for the ladies to proceed to the drawing-room.

There the Spanish beauty threw herself full length on one of the sofas with an exclamation of fatigue and exhaustion. Lady Ross moved towards her, and sat down by her side. Alice conversed in an undertone with Lady Charlotte.

Coffee was served and taken; and then there was a pause.

How could Maggie find courage to address that pillar of black velvet, which stood erect, surmounted by the diamond necklet, leaning one stern hand on the chimney-piece, and setting one stern foot on the fender!

She *did* find courage, careless courage; did not even know any was needed. Still seated and lounging, she looked up at the dowager and said,—

"I kenned ye weel by sicht, Leddy Clochnaben, but we're strangers else. Ye were no ow'r willing to show, the day ye mind I cam' wi' my puir mon, Mr. Heaton, to speak wi' ye."

Lady Clochnaben positively shuddered with anger; but she made no reply.

Maggie raised her voice, already something of the loudest, as if she thought the hearer might be deaf.

"I'm saying I'm glad we're met at last, Leddy Clochnaben."

"I desire you'll not have the boldness to address me," said the dowager, with excessive fierceness. "If family reasons induce persons who ought to know better, to invite you among decent folks, at least you might have the decency to keep quiet in your corner."

"I keep quiet, mem!" exclaimed Maggie, bursting with wrath. "Who's the stranger here, I'd fain ken? I'm

here amang my ain kin; for the marriage of my ain lad; wi' a ledddy that's mair a ledddy, an' a bonnier ledddy too, than a' the Clochnabens that ever crocod on their beggarly midden; and I'd hae ye to ken that I dinna care *that* for yere airs and yere graces, and, if my mon's dede that wad hae gi'en ye as gude as ye bring, I can tak' my ain pairt; if even I hadn't my lad come hame, and I'll——"

What more Maggie would have said, snapping her white fingers with a rapid and resounding repetition of snaps in the infuriated dowager's face, cannot be known, for an hysterical burst of tears and howls began to wind up (or break down) her oration, before she perceived that many of the gentlemen who had re-entered from dinner, and all the ladies, were gazing at the scene in dismay.

*To be continued.*

## "TEARS, IDLE TEARS:" A COMMENTARY.

BY GEORGE GROVE.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depths of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

"IDLE tears" they may be—for what tears in this world are not idle?—but still the saddest that ever flowed from human eye. Tears of joy, tears of pity, are to be found elsewhere; but such tears of desolate, hopeless, unrelieved

misery, are recorded in no literature, are preserved in no lachrymatory, ancient or modern. Each stanza contains an image or images, and each hopelessly, irretrievably mournful, drawn from the very abyss of sorrow. Even

the "happy autumn fields" and the bright beam of morning, glorifying our friends' return, borrow the despairing hues of the rest.

The theme is the irrecoverable past—"the days that are no more"—exhibited to us in the several aspects of their freshness, their sadness, their strangeness, their dearness, their sweetness, their depth, and their wild regret.

The key-note is clearly and beautifully struck in the first stanza. Nothing moves the spirit of man so profoundly as some of the appearances of nature; more profoundly, because it is often impossible to explain why it should be so. The vague but intense yearning, the feeling of vastness and longing, which possesses one at the sight of certain aspects of the sunset, has been felt by almost every one. It is a mere commonplace, but a commonplace that is unexplainable, and which is a stronger evidence, to those who feel it, of the immortality of the soul than all the demonstrations of natural theology. So it is, too, with the awe excited in the mind by the starry heavens in all their clearness and immensity; by the rare and most touching spectacle of the waning moon; or by the ascent of the dawn, in the hush and chill of day-break. The same kind of feeling, only more personal, and less vast, and coloured rather by wild passionate human regret, is apt to seize the mind in autumn, in viewing some scene of sweet rich peaceful beauty, like the "happy autumn fields" of this poem. The feeling may be due in part to the universal spectacle of things passing away—corn ripe and cut, leaves gradually "reddening to the fall," all things drawing slowly but surely to their appointed end. The very look of the clouds in the autumn afternoons, so round and calm and still, so ethereal in their tints, so unutterably soft and mellow in their lights and shadows, contributes to the general impression of rest and peace. But the real ground of the melancholy which autumn inspires is something deeper, some instinct of which we know only the effect, and

cannot even conjecture the working, and which, from that very vagueness, stirs the spirit more deeply than any more definite cause would do.

However this may be, certain it is that, at such moments, the transitoriness of life and all around will suddenly impress itself on the mind. The key-note of "some divine despair" in the heart is touched. Persons and incidents, fraught with unutterable recollections, and worth all the world to one—a dead child, a lost love, a sudden look, a parting, a difference, a reconciliation—present themselves with peculiar power. It is, perhaps, long since we had to do with them, but they come back as "fresh" as if it were yesterday; they fill the mind as if present, in all their sweetness and familiar tender dearness, and the pang of absence, and the maddening sense of the utter irrecoverableness of the past rushes in after them with a "wild regret," and the tears, the "idle tears,"—not idle in themselves, but idle only because "we know not what they mean,"—"rise from the depths" of our "divine despair"—"divine" because so utterly beyond all human reason or knowledge,—and gather, smarting, in the eyes of the gazer.

The images in which this grief of the mind is presented are not only very original, but they succeed one another in a progression as subtle and delicate as it is admirable. The key, so to speak, in which the poem starts, is adhered to, with a slight departure only, through the second and third stanzas. The natural and external image of the "happy autumn fields" is continued in the wide expanse of the ocean, the ships, and the sunbeams striking across the world, all external to the observer. It is again continued in the next stanza, in the rising of the "dim dawn," "loud with voices of the birds" outside the casement, though here intensified and made more solemn by the introduction of the slowly dying man, on whose dull eyes and feeble ears these sights and sounds strike for the last time. The outward-bound ship, bearing off "all we love," is mournful enough, as

in the chill damp air which foreruns the night we watch the last red tint on the sails, and wait for the sun to drop below the sea-line, and all to assume, as if by magic, one dull, leaden, indistinguishable hue. This is mournful, but the picture which follows it—the dying man on his death-bed, watching the faint beginnings of his last day on earth—is surely one of the most desolate in all literature or art.<sup>1</sup> Even this, however, can be surpassed. So far we have been spectators only—looking at that which is outside of us. In the fourth and last stanza we encounter a sudden modulation; and by a transition, than which Beethoven himself never imagined anything at once more sudden and less violent, we are landed in a region quite remote from the former one—the region of our own selves, and amongst images that transcend those that precede them, as much as that which is personal and passionate must surpass that which is merely external and passive. Sad as is the departure of all we love across the waste of ocean, desolate as are the loneliness of the long daybreak and the dim sounds of life to the dying man, the sting of kisses remembered when the loved one who kissed us is gone for ever is still sharper:—

"— a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

But even this again may be exceeded. There may be a union of sweetness and mad anguish in repeating in fancy the caresses of lips, once all your own, and

<sup>1</sup> Wallis's picture of Chatterton is full of desolation; but it is far below this poem, because *there* the struggle is over—*here* it is still going on. Schumann's Overture to Manfred is equally gloomy, and equally touching. It is, however, a more extended work in every way. The nearest parallel in music must, perhaps, be looked for in Schubert's works—at the base of which, almost without exception, there lies a profound melancholy. The Songs of "Das Wirthshaus," or the "Todesmusik" (Op. 108), are those which occur to me as the most suitable. But, indeed, such parallels are never quite satisfactory, if only from the fact that, owing to the necessary form, there are fewer ideas in music than in poetry, though perhaps as many emotions.

now lost for ever—lost, not by death, or any such divine decree, but by human faults, by faithlessness, or misunderstanding, or social difference, or some other cause which infuses a rankling sense of injustice into the pain of the loss. As it is the thought of death that forms the link between the two stanzas—the dying man leading on to the dead love—so it is the introduction of the element of love which gives the last stanza its special keenness, which makes it so truly the climax of the poem. For love is the crown of all human things, and gives the last bitterness to sorrow, the highest culmination to joy; and, in comparison to it, absence, and friendship, and kindred, and death, and all other ills, and all other delights of earth, are as nothings, as mere passing vanities. Nor is it love alone that is introduced, but its very acmé—the kiss, the "meeting of the lips," when "spirits rush together," and soul closes with soul on fire.<sup>1</sup> Thus pointed and thus presented, the memory of the "days that are no more" becomes indeed a very "Death in Life."

So, hopeless and forlorn, ends this most lovely but most sorrowful of poems. And if this "moan about the retrospect" were all that could be said about the "days that are no more," what would there be for us but to lie down and die, and so purchase a swift immunity from such unavailing regrets? And it is undeniable that such a view of the past has at times, more or less often, been taken by every man and woman of sensibility. More or less often, but, thank Heaven, not always. There is another aspect, brighter, and better, and healthier than any of those yet presented to us. "Sweet" as they are—and there is no denying their sweetness,

<sup>1</sup> "Methinks if I should kiss thee, no control Within the thrilling brain could keep aloof

The subtle spirit—even while I spoke  
The bare word KISS hath made my inner soul

To tremble like a lutestring, ere the note Hath melted in the silence that it broke."

—*Poems*, 1833.



even the stern Princess herself is compelled to allow that—sweet as they are, they are yet truly "vague" and "fatal to men"—"fancies hatched in silken-folded idleness." Memory may be—perhaps always must be—"memory with sad eyes," but we must not forget that what she supplies us with would, but for her, be lost for ever; her gifts are not only so much saved from the wreck of life, but, once possessed, they are ours for life. That which has once happened to us becomes a part of our being, and, though for the time forgotten or overlooked, is still there, in the storehouse of the mind, always ready to start into action when the proper chord is touched, and to present itself in its original force and freshness, mellowed perhaps, but hardly weakened, by the enchanting effect of distance. Such memories are a part of our very selves, and can only be taken from us by the failure of our powers, the positive loss of the faculty of recollection. Cherish and encourage them! Nothing can make up for their loss, nothing can surpass their power and sweetness. They are the one certain possession granted to us; nor only certain, but personal and exclusive in the highest possible degree. No one can take them away, and no one can share them:—

"Mine are they, evermore mine, mine alone."

As long as they remain there is still an Eden for men. "Memory," says Jean Paul, "is the only Paradise out of which 'nothing can ever drive us.' And surely to remember and ponder over the joys of life, even when those joys are no longer ours, is full of unspeakable comfort. True, the caresses of the loved one, which were 'sweeter, sweeter than anything on earth,' are gone for ever; but we possess their memory, the memory of the supreme happiness which they brought to us, and to her who loved us, on their heavenly wings. We may meet again, and we may not, in the land of peace and brightness, which we are taught from our childhood to believe in. We may not. Alas! that the doubt should obtrude itself on those

to whom the contrary belief would be the greatest blessing! But the very shadow of the doubt should make us prize only the more ardently the certain memory which we hold, and with which we may solace ourselves during the few short years which yet remain to us on earth. Whatever our future may be, *this we have, this* nothing can take away. We can go over every circumstance of the past, recall every look, every word, every touch, of each interview, each meeting, and each parting, and in so doing feel what alleviations there are to the immense inevitable ills of life, how carefully each privation is accompanied by a gift, how true it is that we have here a joy that nothing can take away:—

"Come foul, or fair, or rain, or shine,

The joys I have possessed in spite of fate  
are mine;

Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,  
But what has been has been, and I have  
lived my hour."

A view so opposite to that of the song before us could hardly have been embodied without violating the dramatic intention and course of the poem. But it is a great lesson, and one which might well be enforced. Indeed, Mr. Tennyson has elsewhere done it in the noblest, most complete manner. If we want to see how, by a great loss, a man can be plunged headlong into the very depths of grief and despair; how, out of the listlessness which follows so stunning a blow—when the paralysed "tongue" refuses to "utter" the vague "thoughts that arise" in the mind; when all earthly things, from the "stately ships" and the everlasting "hills," to the "fisherman's boys," seem as nothing in comparison to one "touch of the vanished hand"—how out of even these depths, he can lift his head gradually above the wave, and from reviling and repelling his sorrow (under the aggravation which is the next stage of the mental conflict) as a "cruel fellowship," a "priestess in the vaults of death," can come to entreat her to "dwell with him," "no casual mistress, but a wife,"—can at length look calmly back on what has

been, and "two-and-thirty years" after the "fatal loss" can see the mist rolled away, and all stand before him in perfect symmetry and perfect loveliness—if we want to see this, then, look at "In Memoriam." That wonderful poem, and the few scattered pieces connected with it, contain the most complete answer to the sweet seductions of "Tears, idle tears."

But "In Memoriam" deals with a larger and more complicated past than that which is reflected in the little poem we are considering. Is it too much to hope that Mr. Tennyson may some day take up the task, and compose a pendant to "Tears, idle Tears," setting forth, in his own exquisite language, and with images as suggestive and touching as those now before us, the happy aspects of the past—the comfort and satisfaction conferred by those purely personal recollections, which are of more real value to each individual man and woman than anything outside of us can be; and thus give us, in the forms and feelings of our own time, a companion to that striking Ode just quoted, in which the nervous and energetic genius of Dryden embodied the sentiments of his coarser and more material age?

One exhortation I desire, though with great deference, to make, before concluding this part of my subject. It refers to the expression "deep as first love." Of course there are exceptions to the general rule, and it may be a man's fortune not to love till his faculties are mature; but, generally speaking, "first love" occurs in youth, or immature age, and in that case, "holding" as it does all the "promise of the golden hours," and brilliant and fresh as it may be—and surely nothing can compare for freshness with the bloom and dew with which one's first passion invests all the world—brilliant and fresh as it may be, it cannot be so "deep" as the love of a man of ripe age and maturer powers, who has kept his "boy's heart" so long as still to love ardently, but joins to his ardour the knowledge, the firmness, the persistence, the power, with which years have endowed him. These—and they

are not of infrequent occurrence—these are the grand "deep" passions of life, so powerful as to modify, and sometimes completely to change, even a character long fixed and settled.

The form of this Song is not one of the least remarkable things about it. It is in four stanzas, each of the unusual number of five lines. Like the general body of the poem, the stanzas consist of ordinary ten-syllabled unrhymed lines; and the Song is distinguished from that which precedes and follows it merely by the fact that the sense comes to an end at the end of each stanza, and that each closes with the refrain, "the days which are no more." It is a form which has not, I think, been employed by other poets, though by Mr. Tennyson himself it is used on two other occasions—first in the song of triumph sung by the Princess, in the opening of the sixth canto of this very poem, and again in the "measured words" of the "Golden Year," a piece inserted in recent editions of the "Poems." In each of these a similar artifice is employed to mark the recurrence of the stanza, each has a refrain<sup>1</sup>—in the former at the beginning of the verse, in the latter at the end; but they are both far inferior (the war-song naturally so) in flow and finish to the masterly work before us. In this case, owing to some hidden secret of workmanship, which I am unable to discover, save by its effects, some subtle fragrance breathed over the song, so perfect is the cadence of the lines, and so sweet the music of the syllables, as to give all the effect of the rhymes which the stanza-form naturally suggests, and which the ear, in this case, fails to miss.

<sup>1</sup> A refrain is also used in the Song in the last canto:—"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white,"—though it consists only of the single word "me." There are beautiful examples of this charming artifice also in the first song—"As through the land," the Cradle Song, and the "Bugle Song," on which I hope to be able to speak at length on a future opportunity, as well as in "Ask me no more," which I have already attempted to examine.

The diction and workmanship are as choice, as delicately appropriate, and as minutely finished as those of Mr. Tennyson's poems usually are. Such lines as—

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair,"

or

"Sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned;"

or—

'Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,"

or again

'That sinks with all we love below the verge,"  
where the slow, heavy monosyllables  
are almost like earth dropping on to a

coffin—lines like these, in which the force of the thought is preserved through all the labour necessary for such high finish, would make the fortune of any other poet. Every one knows that they are to be found in hundreds in the works of Mr. Tennyson, one of whose most remarkable characteristics is the power he possesses of uniting the most exquisite beauty of detail with force and completeness of general effect, a power which forms one of the strongest guarantees for the endurance of his poetry.

I have only to add that this Song has never been altered; but remains exactly as it was in the original edition of "The Princess."

#### ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

"ART Thou the Healer that should come,  
Or look we for another still?"  
So spake he from the dungeon gloom:  
His faith was low; his heart was chill.

The voice that cried in saintliest youth  
"Repent ye" to the startled throng;  
The voice that ever spake the truth,  
And boldly chid the tyrant's wrong;

The voice that owned, "I am not He;"  
"Why comest *Thou* to Jordan's flood?  
I need to be baptized of Thee;"  
"Behold the atoning Lamb of God;"

Now murmurs, faint, and half o'ercome  
With brooding or triumphant ill,  
"Art Thou the Healer that should come,  
Or look we for another still?"

The Saviour heard His servant's prayer,  
Then turned Him to His daily task:  
The two disciples wondering there  
Unconscious learn the truth they ask.

Foul spirits fled the shuddering frame;  
The blind man knew His Voice, and saw;  
Up rose the palsied and the lame;  
The deaf ear heard His Ephphatha;

At  
the  
writ  
at o  
in v  
ano  
whi  
own  
his  
T  
spee  
as a  
tion  
the  
kin  
Com  
Arc  
stay  
on  
chu  
him  
like  
dee  
alwa  
T  
unp  
by  
bet  
find  
han  
of  
bee  
not  
The  
mar  
was

The leper from his bonds He freed ;  
The dead He raised to life once more ;  
And, mightier yet, the Christ indeed,  
He preached the Gospel to the poor.

Then to the messengers alone  
He spake—and spake no other word—  
“Go back, and show my servant John  
What ye this day have seen and heard.”

M. B.

# PLAGIARISM AND COINCIDENCE; OR, THOUGHT-THIEVERY AND THOUGHT-LIKENESS.

BY W. BARNES.

At imitators (imitatores, servum pecus), the servile herd of imitators, Horace writes that he sometimes laughed, and at other times was angry ; but imitation in writing seems to be only a following another's views or treatment of a subject, while plagiarism is a thievery, for one's own use, of another's thoughts if not of his words.

The repeating of a man's own former speech, or the telling of an erst-told tale as a new one, is but little recommendation of it to a former hearer, and one of the most polite hints in a case of that kind was that which was given by Constable, the painter, to his friend Archdeacon Fisher, with whom he was staying, at Salisbury. The Archdeacon, on coming with his friend out of the church, where he had preached, said to him, “Well, Constable, how did you like my sermon?” “Oh, very well indeed,” was the answer of Constable ; “I always *did* like that sermon.”

There have been so many cases of unpraised, if not of blamed imitation, by writers of poetry, that they might betoken it to be lost labour, did we not find that some writers, on the other hand, such as Virgil, who was an imitator of both Homer and Theocritus, have been praised for excellence not lower if not higher than that of their patterns. The *plagiarius*, taken as the sprite or man who was first called by that name, was one who stole or sold children or

slaves of others for his own ; and we should think that he was so called as kidnapper of *stray* children (πλαζόμενοι), and that afterwards the word was bestowed on one who stole the children of other men's minds—their thoughts, words, or figures of speech.

Thought-thievery, when it can be shown to be truly such, is rightly denounced by the eagle-eyed critic, the Muse's guardian. But, the more unbecoming may be such a deed of cunning or wrong, the more truly should a charge of it be grounded before it be brought against a writer. And we think there are many cases of thought-likeness which, inasmuch as they are with men who are not likely to have read one another's writings, are not so likely to be cases of plagiarism, or wilful ownings of another's thoughts, as natural likeness of views.

We are not aware that the works of the Persian poets were at all known to the writers of the songs in the “British Orpheus,” printed in 1749, as many of them were even then old songs : though Nott gave an English version of a few of the odes of Hafiz in 1787. In one of those songs (in “The Thrush,” p. 62) we have—

“How dismal is Cideria's cell,  
What damps bedew the place !  
No tap'stry here the ragged walls,  
But pendent cobwebs, grace.”

And in a Persian poem we have a couplet, which in English is—

"In the palace of Cæsar<sup>1</sup> the hangings are kept by the spider,  
The owl sounds the watches of night in Afrasiab's tower."

We know that the old Roman and Greek writers could not have copied from the then unwritten works of later ones of Persia and Hindustan; and though Eastern writers, such as was Hafiz, might have been reading men as Mohammedans or Brahmins, yet we do not think they had opened to themselves the treasures of Greek and Latin lore; and yet the Eastern bard, in circumstances like those of his Western brother, will sometimes use his metaphor or comparison, or take his view of a thing. Firdausi says to his beloved—

"If once on thy bosom my cheek could but lie,  
I should seem with my proud head to reach to the sky;"<sup>2</sup>

and Horace (Ode i.) sings to Mæcenas—

"Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseris,  
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."  
(If thou set me among bards of the lyre,  
Then my proud head will strike even the stars.)

It may be a thought of more than one mind that a God-gift of a lovely and pure soul *returns*, not only goes, to heaven. So Hafiz, as quoted by Nott, says of his beloved wife, "Worthy of a happier state than to live with me, she fled to that society of celestial beings from whom she derived her origin." And Petrarch (Sonnetto xli.) says that Heaven took back (*ritolse*) Laura; and indeed Horace takes this view in his piece of strong flattery to Augustus (Carminum, lib. i. 2)—

"Serus in cælum redeas."  
(Late mayest thou return to heaven.)

The cry of Horace, lib. i. car. 11, "*Carpe diem*," Enjoy the day, and his light-hearted call to Leuconoe,

"What is withholden from man, Leuconoe, seek not to know, what end is set to thee or to me,—  
Be wise, mingle the wine,"

<sup>1</sup> By Cæsar (Kaiser) is meant the Greek, not the Roman emperor.

<sup>2</sup> Bar asman soodamee—I should rub on the sky.

is that of an ode that is sung by Hafiz (Ode xii.)—

"O tell us of dancing and wine, and seek not what fate may withhold,  
No lore can e'er open to man the mysteries hidden in time."

Sir William Jones compares an ode of Hafiz with a sonnet attributed to Shakespeare, as both of them write on the thought of sweetness stolen from a mistress by things of nature. Nott's version, a free one, of Hafiz, is—

"Balmy gale, I prithee say,  
Whence those wings in fragrance dyed?  
O'er my love you chanced to stray,  
She the perfumed treat supplied.  
Balmy gale, such thefts forbear," &c.

But the musk-sweet locks of the fair are found in other Eastern poems. In the Shakespeare sonnet, the violet, with the lily and the rose, are the thieves, and the poet sings—

"More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But, sweet or colour, it had stolen from thee."

So Hafiz again (in Ode i.) says—

"Without my love's cheek, unsweetened the rose."

Among these thieveries from woman's beauty, we do not think there is thought-thievery, with either the Eastern or Western bards. In an old English song the girl is made the fair thief—

"Before the urchin well could go,  
She stole the whiteness of the snow;"

and so went on, from bold to bolder, till she stole the writer's heart.

Here is a coincidence shown by Nott with Hafiz and Horace, though we do not think the bard of Shiraz ever read Q. Horatii Opera. The former says (Ode xiv.)—

"I never would sell for the world  
A hair of the head of my love."

and Horace (Ode xii. l. 2) writes—

"Permutare velis crine Lycimniæ  
Plenas aut Arabum domos!"

Of a lover's dreaming of his mistress, an old song ("Orpheus," Song 315) says—

"Only to think on her, I'd wish to wake,  
And slumber only for the vision's sake."

Hafiz writes with a thought of the same kind—

"It is only in sleep that my love I can meet;  
Bring me wine that may lull me in slumber  
so sweet."

That the most beautiful things in the inanimate world should be outdone by the beauties of the beloved, or that they should seem to be showing to woman, as the queen of earthly beauty, some tokens of worship, is so natural a fancy, that it may seem to be open to all the bards of love.

"The elegant cypress bowed low at thy shape,  
The rose on its bed seemed ashamed at thy check,

The jessamine bud was abashed at thy skin,"

is a version of some lines by Hafiz; and an old English song says, with a like figure, a little more overstrained—

"The roses blushed with deeper red  
To see themselves outdone;  
The lilies shrank into their bed  
To see such rival shone."

The snow and the foam come often into the praises of the fairness of the fair with the Welsh bards; but Greville has a very bold figure—

"Was it for this that I might Myra see?  
Washing the water, with her beauties,  
white?"

We have never heard that the works of Hafiz were open to Sheridan, when he wrote "The Duenna," as he did before the appearance of Mr. Nott's specimens of the odes of Hafiz, but he writes in a song—

"This bottle's the sun of our table,  
His beams are rosy wine;  
We, planets who are not able  
Without his light to shine;"

and Hafiz sings in a like strain—

"Our sun and the moon are the goblet and  
glass,  
So brisk to the moon let the sun come  
round."

Mr. Nott says of the likeness of the poems of Anacreon and Hafiz: "Whether Anacreon borrowed the gaiety of his odes from the Persian *Gazel* (a kind of ode of peculiar form), or whether Hafiz enriched his native language by

"an imitation of the Teian bard, I will not venture to determine. The similarity of sentiment is oftentimes wonderful." That Anacreon could not have imitated Hafiz, of later time, we know, and we are not aware that there are any Persian *Gazel* of Anacreon's time; and the *Gazel* is most unlike the Anacreontic ode in handling if it is often like it in treatment. That both of the poets should call on the boy for wine, or utter pretty words of joy at the coming of spring, does not show plagiarism, or *markworthy* likeness of thought. Hafiz says—

"With two handfuls of earth will at last be  
the cell of our sleep;  
And what is the need of a palace as high  
as the sky?"

and Horace (Ode xviii. l. 2) cries—

"Et sepulchri  
Immemor, struis domos."  
(And thoughtless of the grave,  
Thou art raising mansions.)

There is a dictum of Greek lore that you should eat to live, not live to eat; but in the "Gulistan" of Saadi (Tale vi.) "Of the Good of Contentment," it is said to be recorded in the annals of Ardsheer Babukan, that, in a talk of his on food with an Arabian physician, the physician quoted a couplet—

"Eating is for living, and praise (of God);  
You think that living is for eating;"

so that the dictum is found in Persian as a rhymed couplet, which is a token of its Persian origin.

Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, in speaking, in an epigram, of two millstones, says—

"Par labor ambarum, dispar fortuna duarum:  
Altera nam currit, quod nunquam altera  
gestit."

So Saadi, in the "Gulistan," makes a man to say, in speaking of social compensations—

"The lower millstone does not move,  
And, therefore, sustains a great weight."

In the "Gulistan" there is a tale of Nowshirvan, that when he was out on hunting, and needed some salt for his meal of game, he bade a messenger fetch a little from a village, and pay for it,



that it might not become a ruinous exaction; for, said he, "if the king were "to eat a single apple from the garden "of a villager, his servants would pull "up the whole tree; and if he were to "take five eggs, his soldiers would spit "a thousand fowls." This may be a joke, but one that may be too well grounded, for the old Welsh laws on the *Cwynos*, or the supper, or *firm of one night*, as our old laws have called the night's entertainment which tenants were bound to afford their lord in his rounds, say: "He that gives a supper "*(cwynos)* to the king, ought to give a "*ceiniawg* (silver penny of those times) "to his followers, for sparing the corn "and the barn."

There is no wonder that, with likeness of circumstances, there should be likeness of thought. The old British and Teutonic war-bards, though most likely those of one speech never read the works of the other language, which indeed were then in but few copies; yet they uttered some thoughts which were much alike. The war-bard of the Britons often brings into his verse the leader as the eagle of fight, the driving of the spear, and the raven-found blood of the slain; and the raven also follows the sword with the scald, or Teutonic poet. "The heap of slain are the right of the raven," says Taliesin in the poem of "The Charm of Cynvelyn," and "the ravens waded in the blood of the slain," is the cry of the Norse Saga of the "Death Song of Lodbroc" (verse 2).

The folk lore of the people of the Vale of the Whitehart, or Blackmore, in Dorset, is not the more historical one that a pet white hart of the English king Henry III. was killed by Sir Thomas Delalind, for which his lands were laid under a perpetual fine of the white hart silver; but that a stag of Julius Cæsar was wrongfully slain, and that there was found on its neck a collar with these lines in English, of a rather late form:—

"When Julius Cæsar reigned here,  
O then I was a little deer;  
And whosoever doth me take,  
O spare my life for Cæsar's sake."

Where this could have arisen we know not, for Cæsar could hardly have been Charles the First, and we quote it only to set it against the version of the stag in Petrarch's Sonnet clvii. That, as the poet sings, was a white hart, and had a fine collar on which was written in gems of diamond and topaz:—

"Nessun mi tocchi  
Libera farmi al mio Cesare parve."

Sometimes, however, likeness of thought may seem to be borne in a likeness of words, where, if we take the whole writer's meaning, we shall find the widest unlikeness. We may take a dictum from the "Gulistan" that may seem, at the first glance, to be a golden saying, as good as our Lord's. It is, "Do good even to the wicked." There, it may be thought, is the Hindoo or Mohammedan up to Christian holiness. Stay, hear him out; "for it is best," says he, "to close the dog's mouth with a morsel." There now!

The thought of writing what have been called, by a writer on Welsh bardship, "Messenger Poems," such as charges as to the wind or the poem itself, may be of free birth with several bards of sundry languages, and may not always, though they may sometimes, among poets of the same speech, betoken imitation. Of this kind is David ap Gwilym's beautiful poem, "The Invocation to the Wind;" and of a like kind, as Edward Jones<sup>1</sup> writes, were other Welsh poems of the Middle Ages; and of such a kind is Petrarch's apostrophe to his Canzone ii., and the most gallant one to Canzone iv., where he tells his poem that, if it should find his lady fair, he thought that it might hope to be received by her fair hand; which, however, it was not to touch, but was to fall, with his message, at her feet.

It may be worthy of note, that several poets of undying fame have foretold their long hold on the minds of men. Horace (Carm. xxx. lib. 3) declares that he has built himself a monument more lasting than brass, and that he shall be quoted by people of

<sup>1</sup> Bardic Museum.

other times and lands; and so it has happened. Petrarch (Son. lvi. vol. 3) looks to a "memoria eterna" of Laura in his rhymes, and the years of her fame are already reckoned by hundreds. Another poet writes of his mistress—

"This gift alone I shall her give,  
When death doth what he can;  
Her honest fame shall ever live  
Within the mouth of man;"

and his words have been deemed worthy of a place in a collection of poems; and Hafiz (Ode x.) says that from his poetry flows the water of immortality, which time has not yet falsified.

The poet of "Celia's Arbour" says to the wreath on which dewdrops may fall:—

"Tell her they are not drops of night,  
But tears of sorrow shed by me;"

a thought very like that of a Hindoo poet, whose verse may be given in English as—

"The drops which the people call dew as they  
lie  
On the grass in the morn,  
Are tears that the Night, as she weeping  
went by,  
Shed for lovers forlorn."

The distinction between genius and taste, wit and judgment, would show itself to a thinker on writing, and has occurred to Cooper in his "Muse's Library," and to the Marquis of Normanby in his "Essay on Poetry." The former says, that Waller "rode the Pegasus of wit with the curb of good manners." And the latter writes to fancy or genius:—

To check thy course, and use the needful rein."  
"I am fain

Without judgment, fancy is but mad. A Welsh bardic canon says: "The three qualifications of poetry are endowment of *genius*, judgment from experience, and *happiness of mind*."

There is no need of imputing plagiarism in the use of the hyperbolic metaphor of "a sea of tears." An old song says of a hapless lover—

"All the nymphs but Chloe borrow  
Water from his sea of sorrow."

But the most overstrained metaphor of this kind is that of a Hindoo poet, Buka, who cries—

"When the sea of my tears to its height shall  
reach,  
Then Noah's flood may go play in some bay  
on the beach."

Eastern metaphor, however, far outsoars that of the more sober poets of the North-west. Tupish, a Hindoo poet, would tell you what, in flat English prose, would be, that he took yesterday a little, or a drop, too much of wine; but he sings—

"The daughter of the vine (wine) has become  
so wanton,  
That yesterday she even kissed me."

In Brady and Tate's version of the eighty-eighth Psalm, they give the lines

"For seas of trouble me invade,  
My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade;"

which expression, "death's cold shade," happens to be used by the old Friesic poet, Japix, in his poetic version of the "Song of Zacharias," taken from the twenty-fourth Psalm, which we cannot think our worthy versewrights had ever seen:

"Om to forlyeachtyen, mei siyn schiynn,  
(For to forlighen with his sheen.)  
Dy siett'ne droaf, ynn tyuest're blin',  
(Those sitting sad, in darkest blindness,)  
Yn dead's k'd d schaad."  
(In death's cold shade.)

George Turberville happens to use, among other paradoxes of love, one in common with Petrarch, without any tokens in his poem of an imitation of the Italian. He calls love—

"A fiery frost, a flame  
That frozen is with ice;"

and the day of Petrarch's fatal leave of Laura, had, as he tells us,—

"Fatto 'l cor tepida neve."  
(Made the heart warm snow.)

Likenesses of thought, in writings of the same language or climate and form of life, whether they may or may not be cases of plagiarism, help one to clear up the other, as some of the Eastern poets, whether Mohammedans or Brah-

mins, may clear up expressions in the Bible, though Mohammedans are acquainted with some of the Bible history, as it is woven into the Koran, and speak of the patriarchs, and the "Moon of Canaan," as they call Joseph, and will tell us that the name of Potiphar's wife was Zuleika.

St. Jude (v. 12) says of some ungodly men, "Clouds they are without water, carried about of winds;" a figure used in Saadi's "Gulistan" of misers: "Of what use are they if they are clouds of August, and do not shower down 'benefits?'" Luke xxiii. 31, is, "If they do these things in a green tree, 'what shall be done in the dry?'" In the "Gulistan," Tale xi. "On the Morals of Durwaishes," a Durwaish says of some dead-hearted people, to whom he had been preaching, "I perceived that what 'I had been saying had no effect on them, and that the fire of my piety 'had not kindled their green wood."

"It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to 'enter into the kingdom of heaven," is a figure which is used by a Hindoo poet, Hidayut. He says—

"This was Thy Work, Lord, Most High ;  
To draw the world through a needle's eye,"

—or to do an impossibility.

In Canticles v. 15, we have "His legs are as pillars of marble," which words may be read with a verse of Suoda, a Hindoo poet,—

"At your silvery white legs,  
Oh! the lamp's silver flame,  
Outdone with their fairness,  
Shrunk smaller with shame."

Owen says of the bardic triplets, that the last line of the three generally contains some moral maxim, *unconnected* with the preceding, except in the metre; but there may have been, between the didactic third line and the others, some connexion which may be now unknown to us for want of the bardic key, and much of the lost body of bardic lore. Of some such connexion, if it be not a chance appearance of one, there seems a case in an adage. One of the triplets of the poem of Llywarch Hên, on "Bright Things" ("Gorwynion"), is—

"Sparkling are the willow tops, the fish are  
*merry in the lake,*  
Brisk is the wind o'er the top of the small  
twigs.

*Nature (or instinct) is better than learning ;"*

with the last line of which the fish seem to have nothing to do; but an Englyn says,—

"*Didst thou hear what the fish have sung,  
When running among the sedges ?  
'Instinct is better than learning.'*"<sup>1</sup>

Again,—

"Snow on hills, white the moor :  
The happiness of a thief is a long night."

and so a night of mid-winter, which is represented in the other lines. Shakespeare's thought, "that it is better to 'bear the ills we have than flee to 'others that we know not of," is embodied in a Welsh adage, "Better for 'a man the evil that he knows than 'the evil that he doth not know;" and another Welsh proverb, "The third foot of the old man is his staff," bears the thought of the old enigma of the Sphinx, of the animal that walks first on four legs, then on two, and, lastly, on three.

There is, without doubt, a great deal of plagiarism in the world of letters; and critics have, at times, shown such close and long-reaching likenesses in one man's writing to others' works, which, we must presume, were known to him, that we could not well withhold from him the charge of thought-thievery; and we have heard of advice given by an old preacher to his disciples, that they should steal from folios, and not from octavos, or even from quartos; and there are cases not of out-reaching theft, but of the taking of figures or ways of speech that may be going the round of tongues, as a common share of the thought of the time, such as seems to be the figure among Hindoo poets, that the fair one's locks are a heart snare. One, Goonna Tumunna, says,

"My heart is already entangled in those  
locks."

Another, Hidayut, has,

"A captive of the snare of a lock."

<sup>1</sup> "Trech anian nag addysg," as in the other triplet.

Another cries—

"O Sôz, if thou idly look on  
At the charms of the fair,  
Thy heart, to thy woe, will be caught  
In the locks of their hair."

And a fourth, Tupish, says—

"I can never get free from the bonds of those  
musky-sweet tresses."

And a fifth—

"The street of the locks of my love has a thousand of windings."

But still we think that we have shown, in this paper, cases of thought-likeness that may warn us not to lay on a writer too hastily the charge of wilful plagiarism, as it may happen that two minds, wide asunder in place or time or speech, may take the same view of a thing of their thought, though difference of speech is of no weight where a man has read the works of the writer whose thoughts he is presumed to have taken, as we see in the manifold imitations of Latin and Greek poets, by our older English writers; and by the conformity of the Hindoo to the Persian *Gazeliat*, which we have known that Hindoo scholars read.

Meer, a Hindoo poet, however, says to his mistress, "Was your hair thrown loose that the breeze was perfumed with musk?" and a like compliment is paid, in a Tonga-song,<sup>1</sup> to some girls who had anointed their skins with sweet-smelling oil. "How beautiful are their skins, diffusing around a fragrance like the flowery steepes of Mataloco;" and we have neither grounds, nor need of grounds, for a charge of plagiarism against the Tonga bard on so natural a compliment.

Our proverb, "Necessity has no law," is much like a Welsh one in the poem called "Gorwynion," of Llewarch Hên, "Rhag newyn nid oes wyledd" (with hunger is no bashfulness), i. e. hunger makes bold. The heathen and worldly sentiment of the enjoyment of the present quoted by St. Paul (1 Cor. xv. 32), "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow

we die," is found in a poem of the people of the Tonga Islands—

"Let us cast away care from our mind;  
For to-morrow, perhaps, we may die."

Among heathen Bacchanal poetry—for the Tonga poem is not Bacchanal—the sentiment is very likely to be found, as with "Anacreon," Ode xxiv.—

"πρὶν ἐμὲ φθάσῃ τελευτῆν,  
παίξω, γελᾶσω, χορεύσω."

(Ere death may prevent me,  
I will play, I will laugh,  
I will dance.)

The dictum that "Knowledge is power" is very old; in Proverbs xxiv. 5, "A wise man is strong." And the thought that the lover, in the blaze of a woman's beauty, is as a moth with the flame, has shown itself in the minds of poets in Asia and Europe. A Hindoo poet writes: "The candle cares not though the moth be consumed." Petrarch (Sonnetto xvii.) likens himself to the moth that hopes,

"Gioir forse nel foco perche splende"—

to enjoy himself, it may be, in the fire because it shines.

The sentiment of the poem of Horace to Leuconoe—

"Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi,  
quem tibi  
Finem Di dederint"

(Do not thou inquire—it is forbidden to know—what end the gods may have assigned to me or what to thee)—

is given by Hafiz, the Persian poet. Leave alone the secrets of fate, "since no man can or should comprehend the wisdom of those mysteries."

There is a strikingly markworthy likeness, in form, of some poems of the landfolk of Tuscany to some of the old bardic poems, as, for instance, "The glittering things" (y Gorwynion) of Llewarch Hên; and an old triban poem, commencing—

"Marchwiall bedw briglas."  
(Sapling birches (with) green twigs.)

There are, among the landfolk of the hills and villages of Tuscany, two kinds of very pretty poems, the Rispetti and the Stornelli, which are given in the

<sup>1</sup> Mariner's Tonga Islands.

"Canti Toscani" of Signor Tigri. The stornelli, as he says in his preface, are short poems of not more than three lines, as ritornelli on the rhyme of the emphatic word or of the name of a flower.

You would say, he writes, that the poet, going through the woods and fields, had taken a thought from every flower that met him on his way, as in the following stornello :—

" Fiorin di mela

La mela é dolce e la sua buccia é amara  
L'uom e finto, ma la donna sincera."

(Bloom of the apple tree.

The apple is sweet, and its rind is bitter;  
The man is false, but the maid is true.)

And thus these little poems are formed by scores, so that each hangs some thought on the name of some blossom.

But so are formed the triplets (and the stornelli are triplets) of the Welsh poems of which I write. For although the Welsh bard gives in the Gorwynion only the top of the tree or plant, yet Villemarque, in his "Bardes Bretons," understands it to mean the top of the tree or plant in blossom. Take a Welsh triban, which is also like the stornello, on the apple tree :—

"Bright is the top of the apple tree;  
The prudent is happy;  
In the long day the pool is still;  
Thick is the veil on the light of the blind."

Another Italian stornello is :—

"Bloom of the lemon tree,  
Three things are hard to leave off;  
Gaming and friendship, and first love."

Another stornello is :—

"Bloom of the reed,  
He who wants a reed, goes to the reed bed.  
He who wants the daughter, goes to the mother."

A Welsh triban on the reeds :—

"Bright are the tops of the reeds; the sedge  
is drooping.  
And the young should learn,  
None but a fool will break his word."

An Italian stornello on the fir tree :—

"Bloom of the fir,  
The fir is long (tall), and shapen with  
crossets.  
Love has begun and never will end."

A Welsh triban on the ash :—

"Bright is the top of the ash, long, and white,  
When it grows by the dell.  
Long is the sickness of the sad heart."

From the last two little poems will be seen to be—what it has been thought by some there is not—in the triban a fittingness of the thought to the flower or tree. It is from the length of the fir and ash that springs the thought of the long love and long heart sore.

We have known of one strong case of plagiarism from the labours of a man, whom we will call A, and who had printed a small book for his own use as a teacher. Some years afterwards he received from a friend of his, B, at a distance, a manuscript, which he, B, told him had been just written by a friend of his, C, for his use as a teacher, and that he, C, meant to print it, but had submitted it to him, B, for his corrective perusal, and that he, B, should like to know A's opinion of it. A found it to be a *verbatim* copy of his own little book; and the answer he sent to B was to the effect that he could not recommend C to print it for gain, since he himself had already printed it, and it had not yielded him a shilling of profit.

THE  
artic  
coun  
and  
mili  
his  
so.  
cons  
cost  
one-  
ture  
late  
but  
exp  
prac  
littl  
that  
on  
year  
read  
It  
good  
"co  
say  
ough  
In  
able  
duce  
army  
divi  
less  
soldi  
N